The Literary Digest

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

To Disarm for Prosperity's Sake

HE WAS NO LONGER the plump and singularly young-looking man they remembered from the war days.

Instead, the delegates saw a heavy-set man with graying hair come on the platform from a side-entrance to welcome them to the Washington meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce. President Hoover, as Mark Sullivan describes him in the New York *Herald Tribune*, walked to his place neither slowly nor rapidly, "with his habitual air of quietly cheerful confidence subdued under prolonged strain," this same attitude showing in "the set of his shoulders, which was precisely the form the shoulders should get from habitual bearing of heavy burdens, whether mental or physical."

Thus there was nothing to hint that the President was springing the big sensation of the Conference almost before it opened, that he was about to make what is considered one of the most vigorous and frankest utterances of his official career.

While they were too polite to say so, these European delegates were undoubtedly "hot under the collar," says the observant Frederic William Wile, when he told them that the surest road to prosperity is the limitation and reduction of armaments. Yet other correspondents found the delegates deeply impressed, there were cheers from League of Nations officials at Geneva—where the next arms conference is to be held—and in London Prime Minister MacDonald said he hoped "the world will listen."

The World's Hardest-Boiled Tax Assessor
—Alley in the Memphis "Commercial Appeal."

HERE we find one editor scornfully dismissing the speech as "Mr. Hoover's cure-all," while another exclaims, "Well done, Mr. Hoover!" The speech, as Ashmun Brown of the Providence *Journal* understands it, was an answer in advance to those who had come to argue for a readjustment of the war debts and a lowering of our tariff wall—"it was turning the tables with a vengeance, albeit with suavity and diplomatic politeness that disarms criticism." Mr. Hoover's "deliberate side-stepping" of debts and tariffs is set down by Mr. Wile in the Washington *Evening Star* as "notice to all concerned that they are not debatable from the United States' standpoint."

The present world depression, began Mr. Hoover, is largely due to "the destruction of life and property, the great tax burdens, and the social and political instability which resulted from the Great War." The delegates from forty-odd nations were then told that one major accomplishment which international cooperation can effect in reducing tax burdens, "removing a primary cause of unrest, and establishing greater confidence for the long future," is the limitation and reduction of armament. The President then proceeded to back up his assertion with these startling facts and figures:

"The world expenditure on all arms is now nearly five billions of dollars yearly, an increase of about 70 per cent. over that previous to the Great War.

"We stand to-day with nearly 5,500,000 men actively under arms and 20,000,000 more in reserve.

"These vast forces, greatly exceeding those of the pre-war period, still are to be demobilized, even tho twelve years have passed since the Armistice was signed, because of fear and of inability of nations to cooperate in mutual reductions. Yet we are all signatories to the Kellogg-Briand Pact, by which we have renounced war as an instrument of national policy, and agreed to settle all controversies by pacific means.

"Surely with this understanding, the self-defense of nations could be assured with proportionately far less military forces than these.

"This vast armament continues not only a burden upon the economic recuperation of the world, but of even more consequence, the constant threats and fears which arise from it are a serious contribution to all forms of instability, whether social, political, or economic.

"Endeavor as we must to support every proposal of international economic cooperation that is just to our respective peoples, yet we must recognize that reduction of this gigantic waste of competition in military establishments is in the ultimate of an importance transcendent over all other forms of such economic effort."

THE President became still more definite:

"We have made considerable progress in the limitation and reduction of naval arms.

"Within a short time the principal nations of the world will meet to discuss the broad questions of reduction in land armament. Of all proposals for the economic rehabilitation of the world, I know of none which compares in necessity or importance with the successful result of that conference.

"It is within the power of business men of the world to insist that this problem shall be met with sincerity, courage, and constructive action."

So this is "Mr. Hoover's cure-all," contemptuously comments the New York *Daily News* in its vigorous way—

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"He wants the business leaders to put aside petty schemes for speeding up trade and so making everybody more comfortable, and give a long yo-heave-ho for world peace and the success of the next disarmament parley.

"There are several retorts which the Europeans can make. A sample retort is: 'How can we cut down our armies much, when Soviet Russia is improving the powerful Red Army all the time, while she starves her people, and tells them she does so to make them able to fight an inevitable war with the capitalist world?' Even Senator Borah realizes the common sense of that retort.

"A sample American retort is: 'Yeah; but it would help business a damsite faster to put men to work building those

MILLIONS OUT OF WORK IN EUROPE AND SOVIET RUSSIA
"LEAVE IT TO ME, I'LL SOON GIVE 'EM ALL EMPLOYMENT!"
SEEDS OF WAR
EUROPE
McCUTCHEON

A Fertile Field for Trouble

—McCutcheon in the Chicago "Tribune."

fighting ships you told us you would build when we signed the London naval treaty.'

"None of the possible retorts to Mr. Hoover's cure-all prescription will work up any good-will between European and American business men, or accomplish anything toward improving world business conditions.

"We don't see how the speech will produce those results, either. Europe always did hate to receive saintly counsel from the United States about European armaments."

"SMART," is the Baltimore *Sun's* word for what President Hoover did in his Washington speech:

"He argued a case that needs to be constantly argued, and yet is unassailable. And he avoided the discussion of other subjects in which his views would scarcely be unassailable."

Granting this, *The Sun* suggests that "it is necessary to do more than make speeches to promote the cause of disarmament, attendant as it is on good-will." And it asks:

"Does he expect to promote political cooperation and good-will between the nations while fostering merciless—and blind—economic nationalism, as in the Smoot-Hawley law?

"Does he expect to promote political cooperation and good-will between the nations while thrusting his head into the sand and insisting that the United States has nothing to do with the question of reparations, when, in fact, two-thirds of German reparations reach us in war-debt payments?

"Does he expect to promote political cooperation and good-will while insisting upon the payment of the last cent scheduled in the war-debt settlements, altho declining prices have made real payments appreciably higher in a time of distress?

"These are obvious questions, yet we suppose Mr. Hoover finds it difficult to deal with them openly. He would need publicly to retrace too many steps, taken to the blaring of partizan bands during the halcyon days of the New Economic Era."

BUT while there is much comment like this, it is evident that, on the whole, the President's speech made a hit with our papers. The President "singled out one all-important challenge before the world," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, without "trying to toy with a half-hundred panaceas for stagnant international trade." "Timely and appropriate," the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* finds this Presidential argument, based "not upon the abstract spiritual advantages of international good-will, but upon the bread-and-butter contention that a world steering with difficulty through the fogs of economic depression can not afford to pay for huge military establishments."

After all the diagnoses by the experts, it has remained for President Hoover, observes the Los Angeles *Times*, "to point out to our commercial leaders where lies the center of the sore spot." The President has done well, in the Chicago *Tribune's* opinion:

"We have been told frequently in recent years that we are chiefly responsible for conditions in Europe, and for the restoration of world prosperity.

"We have heard little of the responsibility of the European governments and peoples for their own misfortunes.

"The persistent bellicosity of the wrangling European household, the perpetual war talk, the building up of armies and navies, the erection of trade barriers across economic lines of natural cooperation, the complication of financial and commercial policies with political and military considerations, the fostering of ancient rivalries and rancors—for all these we find no signs of penitence. Uncle Sam is the stubborn malefactor, and he must reform—of course, for his own good.

"In the presence of this admonition, the President has done well to invite our monitors to look to their own household."

It was possibly because he knew that the International Chamber was determined to talk of war debts, "a subject disagreeable to us," that the President, so the New York *Evening Post* suggests, "talked 'right out' on a subject which continental Europe has heretofore considered as distinctly outside the province of the United States; he advocated the reduction of land armaments." Up to this time we have confined ourselves to discussing navies, "now we are putting our oar into the reduction of the vast land armies under which the great European peoples are struggling."

Characterizing the Washington utterance as the greatest speech of Mr. Hoover's career, the New York *World-Telegram* finds two reasons why he should carry this problem to a business conference:

"First, because commercial rivalries and conflicts are a major cause of competitive armaments and wars.

"Second, because the late war is the chief cause of the present world depression, from which the International Chamber is trying to find a way out."

AND the Hoover speech ties right in with the discussion of war debts. We read in the Springfield *Republican:*

"The United States is incessantly appealed to, as the creditor of the Entente Powers, to cancel their war debts so that they, in turn, might cancel Germany's reparations payments. Yet Prof. Harold Laski of London University has recently declared that sums thus released by our Government would be used by its debtors in Europe to build up their armaments.

"A vicious circle entraps cancellation schemes, if Laski's statement is true. The bigger and costlier the armaments, the nearer the next war, unless history deceives us.

"The curious logic of the situation is that by prolonging the economic pressure of the last war, the remoter is the war that is said to be coming."

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And as the New Haven *Register* sees it:

"The difficulty with the broad suggestion that debt-reduction means trade stimulation is that it overlooks the most conspicuous counterpoint, which is that any debt-reduction granted by the United States would not carry benefit to the taxpayers of the countries relieved of payment.

"What would happen would be that the politicians in control of the destinies of those countries would have more money on hand wherewith to prepare for bigger and better wars, even upon this very country, if need be."

And yet many, as the Philadelphia *Record* reminds us, argue that "some debts cost more to collect, in good-will sacrificed and debtors' business capacity impaired, than their payment represents in cash value."

But after all the talk is aired, Mark Sullivan believes it "accurate to say there is no present intention on the part of the debtor countries to ask cancellation or reduction; likewise there is no present intention on the part of our Government, and no likely future intention, to suggest release." This writer goes on in the New York *Herald Tribune* to suggest that many of the delegates who came to Washington and, indeed, much of the world at present, are in a state of mind in which they say, in effect: "Let's try something new." And Mr. Sullivan sums up much of the discussion at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce with the observation:

"Not only debt cancellation, but stabilization of silver, recognition of Russia, embargo against Russia, lowering of tariffs and many other devices, some of them mutually contradictory, are put forward in the spirit in which men in times of tension suggest all sorts of magical abracadabras.

"It is this sort of thing, and especially debt cancellation, that Secretary Mellon had in mind when he told the delegates that the world's troubles 'can not be cured by any quick and easy method, or at some one else's expense.'"

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Afoul of the Game Laws?

Fisherman Alexander of Jugo-Slavia, Europe's only king-dictator, is now accused of condoning murder as a political weapon.

But aside from heading off agitation for war-debt revision, the President in his Washington speech was seeking, in the opinion of Edward T. Folliard of the Washington *Post*, to "arouse world opinion and to use it to break up what now amounts to an armed camp in Europe." This writer reminds us that a general disarmament conference will be held at Geneva within a few months. Here, we are told, is the way the various conscript armies of the world now stand, according to Foreign Policy Association figures:

France	607,533
Russia	562,000
Italy	364,570
Poland	253,824
Japan	198,800
Roumania	185,726
Switzerland	156,070
Czecho-Slovakia	127,012
Spain	113,081
Jugo-Slavia	108,595

And the figures for the non-conscript armies of three nations, according to the same authority, are given as follows:

	First Line	*Militia, Reserves, etc.*
British Empire	344,450	586,415
United States	133,081	283,617
Germany	100,000	None

More Balkan Murder

Indignantly protesting against murder as a political weapon, a letter signed by Prof. Albert Einstein now focuses the attention of the civilized world upon the newest ferment in the Balkans, where assassination and intrigue go hand in hand.

Professor Einstein joined with other German members of the International League for the Rights of Man to protest against "the horrible brutality that is being practised upon the Croatian people," and specifically against the murder of Prof. Milan Sufflay, patriot and historian, who was struck down in the streets of Zagreb, on February 18 last.

The distinguished Germans hold King Alexander, the forty-two-year-old Serbian dictator of Jugo-Slavia, as directly responsible for the reign of terror inaugurated by the Serbs in Croatia.

Alexander assumed supreme power on January 6, 1929, in order to bring national unity out of the centuries-old antagonisms rife in the old territories of Serbia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Macedonia, and Slovenia, which now make up his warring kingdom.

According to the letter signed by Professor Einstein, Heinrich Mann, and others, assassination and murder most foul have resulted. As quoted in a special cable to the New York *Times:*

"As the professor was walking home on the fatal day, he was attacked from behind with an iron rod, according to our information, and felled. On the next day he died, and he was buried on the twenty-second, beside other Croatians.

"Yet Zagreb newspapers were not allowed to report his activities, and the news of his death was suppressed.

"It was even known that arrangements for the murder had been worked out on the night of the eleventh in the home of the military commandant of the city, Gen. Beli Markowitsch, at a session in which members of the Young Jugo-Slavia organization, Vrkitsch, Godler, Martschetz, and the murderer, Jukitsch, took part.

"Yet the Zagreb police officially stated, the next day, that the name of the murderer was not known."

"Young Jugo-Slavia," according to *La Macédoine*, an organ of Macedonian independence published in Geneva, is an organization combating, by the weapons of assassination and terror, all the non-Serbian elements of the newly created State—Macedonians, Slovenes, Montenegrins, and Croats.

"All the system of political and moral terror applied by Beograd [Belegrade] in present-day Jugo-Slavia is directed precisely against the non-Serb peoples.

"It is not difficult to understand why Beograd favors these chauvinistic Serb organizations."

Papers like the Vienna *Pester Llyod* and the *Berner Tageblatt* are equally vigorous in their protests against the patriotic assassins. Exclaims the latter:

"Political assassination can solve neither the Macedonian nor the Croat problems. This method of fighting is a menace to the peaceful relations with other States.

"Because of the peace treaties two Balkan States have penetrated deeply into Europe. We should be able to demand of them that they Europeanize themselves instead of Balkanizing their new possessions."

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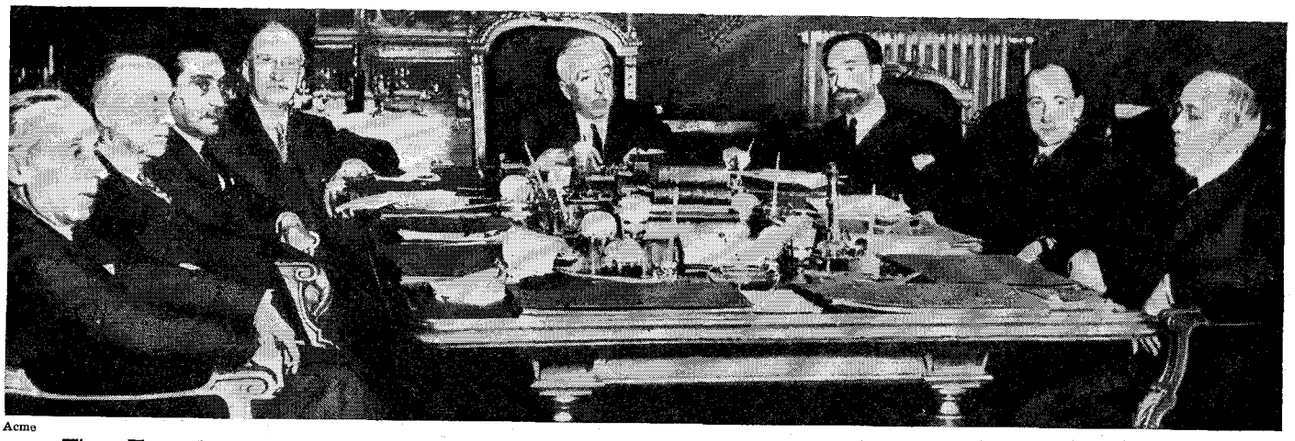

Acme

They Turn from Europe to Us—Spain's New President, Alcala Zamora (center), and His Cabinet

Spain Joins the Americas

A WHITE-HAIRED MAN, who not long ago helped drive a king from his throne, stept up to a microphone in Madrid, and proceeded to tell two continents about Spain's change of heart.

"Spain has joined the great American family of republics in world affairs.

"If at any time the European nations should form a bloc to threaten the interests of the Americas, the Spanish Republic would join hands with its sister republics across the sea."

Thus spoke Niceto Alcala Zamora, new Provisional President, in a radio address to North and South America, a speech which the Utica *Press* thinks "may be characterized as a timely and important development." It is "a friendly gesture" that "deserves reciprocation," adds the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle.*

The leader whose party drove King Alfonso into exile and changed the ancient monarchy into a republic made what was said to be the first broadcast from Spain to the two Americas. He said in part, as quoted by the Associated Press:

"It has been said in Europe that Spain is the least European of European countries. This is practically true. Our interest and our hearts lie in America. Our language is spoken in a large part of the Americas, and our own new institutions come not from Europe, but from America.

"We have always maintained an affection for the lands beyond the sea where our blood relations and descendants of our greatest men settled.

"It is true that our commercial interests lie in greater part with America.

"Our almost miraculous change of government should not have surprized the great Republic of North America, because it went through the same experience in 1776 that we underwent a few weeks ago. The monarchy kept us separated from America, but, now, with the similarity of our institutions, we are closer than ever before in history."

President Alcala Zamora promised amnesty for political exiles, and said that Spaniards who had been unable to obtain employment in the New World would be repatriated.

This speech brings a generally favorable response in the United States, altho some papers do not take it very seriously. The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, for instance, refers to it as "flowers of Spanish rhetoric."

"This nation will welcome the new member of the family of republics," says the Troy *Times*, and then expresses the views of several papers:

"But before the nations of South and Central America can extend helping hands to Spain, they must order their own affairs so that their history will no longer be a record of a succession of revolutions. Perhaps, if Spain succeeds in making itself a peaceful, orderly republic, its example will have awholesome effect upon its thus far too turbulent sisters."

Portugal's Political Pyromania

PORTUGAL'S FIRE DEPARTMENT is being "run ragged."

No sooner does the Government manage to stamp out blazing revolt in one place than it bursts forth in another.

Two days after the Lisbon correspondent of the New York *Times* cabled, on May 2, that "Madeira's war for independence, or whatever else it was for, is over," came word that insurrection was flaming high in another possession, Portuguese Guinea, on the western shore of Africa, about 1,600 miles south of the Madeira group.

Apparently this new revolt had been going on for two weeks before the Government heard about it, on the arrival of the Governor of the colony at Lisbon, we are told by the Associated Press. Immediately, the Government ordered an expeditionary force of 600 to recapture the colony.

The revolt in the Madeiras, a picturesque group lying 400 miles off the African coast and more than 600 miles from Portugal, lasted more than a month, we read, and finally was put down when the rebel General Souza Dias was besieged and forced to surrender.

Meanwhile, Portugal had another piece of trouble to deal with, this time at Lisbon. After the explosion of a bomb in a May Day demonstration, members of the Cabinet fled to a military barracks. Later order was restored.

This incident, like the revolts, is connected with the movement to overthrow the government of President and General Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, a slight, suave, silent man. Called "the least known dictator in Europe," he has been in the saddle since 1926. For an explanation of what lies back of all this trouble, we again borrow from the New York *Times:*

"The background of this latest movement against the Government can be summed up in the history of Portugal for the last twenty-one years, ever since she became a republic in 1910. Since that year there have been almost fifty different ministries, and no less than eleven presidents or heads of State. In that period also there have been no fewer than twenty revolutions.

"Carmona seized power in 1926, and two years later held an election in which he was returned President of the republic by a large majority of votes. Thus he legalized his position to some extent. But he made it clear that while the country would continue to be governed by a dictatorship, there would be no dictator—an utterance which is regarded in some circles in Portugal as equivocal, to say the least.

"The present revolt can not be said to be derived basically from economic unrest, but from purely political aims. That the movement started in Madeira can be readily explained by the fact that many politicals have been exiled there. And since both Madeira and the Azores Islands are considered integral parts of the republic, any movement in them would be directed of necessity not so much against the local administrations as against the Lisbon Government."

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Borah's Bureaucracy Blast

"ANGRY PUBLIC OPINION."

That alone will check the "wasteful and extravagant" bureaucracy which we are building up and whose "life blood" is appropriations.

So declares that veteran prescriber for the things that ail us, Senator William E. Borah, Progressive Republican, of Idaho.

In these times of depression—the dollar doldrums, as they might be called—and with the Treasury facing a deficit estimated as high as $1,000,000,000, the Senator touches a public nerve when he talks about wasting money, and his warning stirs wide-spread comment.

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"Hurry Up, or I'll Be Devoured"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Of course, a large part of the interest in his statement is due to the fact that it starts a debate, the subject of which may be phrased thus: "Who is responsible for the increasing cost of government, Congress, or the Administration?" As we are told by M. Farmer Murphy, of the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Senator Borah's statement is regarded as a direct reply to the discussion of government expenditures given out at the White House, which intimated that a $300,000,000 saving in next year's budget could be effected if Congress would keep its hands off."

"The appropriation bills have all been passed," said Senator Borah, as quoted in the press. "Therefore, this is a good time to insist upon cutting down appropriations. Reduction of appropriations always begins in vacation." Then:

"It needs no argument to satisfy one that government expenditures are wastefully large, and that the ever-growing burden of taxation is one of the great factors in bringing about our present depression. But I venture to say that there is no remedy for these things unless the people, the voters themselves, place this subject on their agenda and call for an accounting in no uncertain terms."

POINTING out that our manner of "cutting down" expenditures has resulted in a jump in total appropriations from $1,098,602,000 in 1914 to $4,821,374,000 in 1931, the Senator continued:

"One of the reasons why we make no progress is because every department of the Government tries to place the responsibility upon some other department of the Government. . . .

"The fact is, that Congress is constantly being besieged by the executive departments for much larger appropriations than Congress is willing to grant.

"During the last ten years Congress has cut the budget estimates by over $414,000,000. This year, notwithstanding Congress appropriated $20,000,000 for drought not estimated for, it was still $25,000,000 below the budget. For the coming year it is $29,000,000 below the budget.

And then the Senator indulged in what Washington observers call a fling at President Hoover's penchant for commissions:

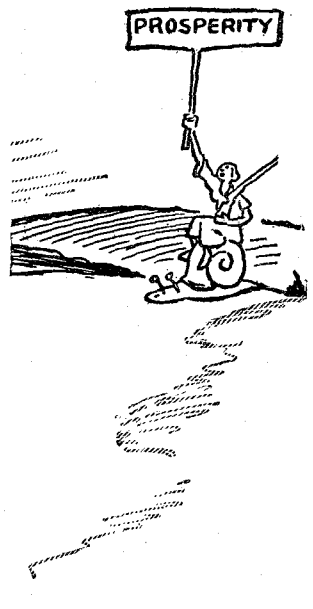
"The taxpayers of the United States carry four layers, as it were, of officials—city, county, State, and Federal.

"We are now creating a fifth layer, our commissions. In the last two years we have established twenty-six government commissions with their thousands of employees. Congress must bear its portion of the responsibility for these commissions. But only one, or possibly two, originated with Congress."

To-day there are more than 3,000,000 on the public pay-roll, "and their salaries have been increased by 24 per cent. in the last seven years"—

"It is perfectly certain that this bureaucratic tendency can lead to nothing but permanent increase of government expenditures and permanent increases of taxes.

"It is no easy thing to change this. It can not be done, in my judgment, except by most thoroughly aroused and sustained and angry public opinion."



BUT the Administration is ready with its retort, which comes in the form of a statement from Representative Will R. Wood, Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee.

"Everybody knows," he says, "that every dollar of Federal money expended must first be authorized by Congress." And:

"I think if Senator Borah would examine the authorization bills which have been passed by Congress over the opposition of the Executive, and the legislation which calls for expenditures in excess of that recommended by the Executive, he will find that Congress has an infinitely larger responsibility for increased expenditures than he now believes.

"Aside from increases due to the war, he will find that the largest part of the increase lies at the door of new legislation passed by Congress authorizing or compelling such expenditure, in considerable degree in opposition to the Executive.

"After the bills are passed authorizing government expenditure, the Executive can do nothing but estimate the additional expenditures involved, and budget the expenditures called for.

"And the vice of this new legislation and increased authorization bills lies in the electorate and special groups in the country in their demands upon Congress."

"FULLY 40 per cent." of the increase in government expenditure, says Mr. Wood, is attributable to the World War.

While the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that Borah "speaks words of timely warning against the tendency to build up an American bureaucracy," the Baltimore *Evening Sun* (Ind. Dem.) declares that he "is not the man to cry out against bureaucrats" for "it is a safe bet that he has voted as many bureaucrats into office as any other man now sitting in the Senate."

"The Administration may be piqued by his sharp censure of the commissions which it has established so numerously," says the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.), "but his indictment of the bureaucracy which they represent is unquestionably valid."

On the other hand, Senator Borah's "attempt to show that the chief responsibility for extravagance lies not with Congress but with the executive departments is not convincing," asserts the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.):

"The fault is not with one agency of the government," says the Baltimore *Sun*, but with all.

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Reno's Two-Minute Divorce Rush

KISSES ARE BEING SHOWERED on the court-house pillar at Reno these days, and the divorce-mill cash-register is playing a golden tune.

To kiss the pillar after receiving a divorce is customary, we read. To contribute to the cash-register before receiving it is compulsory.

Now that the new six weeks' residence law is in effect, "the divorce capital," a city of 18,000, which calls itself "the biggest little town in the world," is grinding out decrees faster than ever.

"Reno Splits Pairs and Draws Full House," as the New York *Evening Post* head-line has it. People from every station in life are flocking there from all parts of the world.

Eighty-three divorces were granted on the first day they were obtainable under the new law, the papers tell us, the two judges maintaining an average of one decree every six minutes, altho in many cases not more than two or three minutes were required.

On the same day, twenty-four marriage licenses were issued, and Earl H. Lief, United Press correspondent, noted that "one divorcée, handed her divorce papers, accepted them with her left hand while she signed a marriage license register with her right." And—

"Many boarded the eastbound transcontinental trains this morning after all-night parties, not having been asleep at all since their visit to court. The station was littered with rice, confetti and paper streamers. Laughter and tears were in evidence.

"Gladdening the hearts of Reno's permanent residents was the sight of the incoming train arriving shortly afterward with scores of new divorce-seekers, lured here by the publicity attendant upon the passage of the new divorce laws.

"Bystanders cryptically remarked, 'the tied comes in and the untied goes out.'"

Making It Hot for Cupid
—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

BUT the big rush had come before this, on the first day for filing divorce actions under the new law.

Before 6 A. M. the County Clerk's office was thrown open, the correspondents tell us, and all Reno's lawyers, including the Mayor, United States District Attorney, the Attorney-General, and the District Attorney flocked in to file applications for their clients. By night the total filed was 189.

Every two minutes the cash-register clicked, ringing up $20 or $30 fees, as the Associated Press says:

"The divorce-mill cash-register is important in the estimation of officials and residents of this community. It helps to pay the county bills, as do the licensed gambling houses and the segregated vice district. . . .

"With each complaint the cash-register rang up $20 as a filing fee, and if the answers were filed simultaneously, as they generally are in uncontested cases, an additional $10 was rung up.

"Throughout the day there was a queue of lawyers or their stenographers in the court-house waiting a chance to file new complaints. Some had two or more cases, and one filed fourteen."

"The divorce mill here is all set and primed to grind out 5,000 divorces in the next twelve months," writes A. B. MacDonald, correspondent of the Kansas City *Star*, "and the people of Reno expect that those 5,000 wives and husbands who will come here for divorce will leave at least five million dollars in the town."

Mr. MacDonald, who, incidentally, was recently awarded the Pulitzer prize for 1931 for the best reporter's work, tells us just how the two-minute divorce-mill functions:

"Divorces are handled here by two judges in two courts. I spent a day in those courts and saw the mill grind out many divorces. If the case is uncontested, the procedure is very simple. Suppose it is the case of Mrs. Jones against Mr. Jones. The judge calls:

"'Case No. 7,500, Jones versus Jones.'

"Lawyer Smith arises and says, 'Ready, Your Honor,' and he beckons to Mrs. Jones and a woman who accompanies her, and they step forward and are sworn. The judge asks 'Is the defendant represented here?' and, thereupon, a lawyer arises and states that he represents Mr. Jones, and that he does not desire to contest the case.

"Mrs. Jones takes the witness chair, and her lawyer asks her a few questions: Her name, former residence, when married, whether she has lived in Reno continuously for forty-two days, and if it is her intention to maintain her residence in Nevada, and 'How did your husband treat you?' 'He neglected me,' 'failed to provide' or 'he deserted me' are the usual replies. Just a few short questions and answers.

"Then the plaintiff's witness is called and swears that she keeps a boarding-house or hotel or apartment, at such a place, and that Mrs. Jones has resided there continuously for forty-two days. It must be a 'continuous residence' for forty-two days. The applicant is not allowed to leave the jurisdiction of the court for even one day, or he or she might spend money elsewhere.

"Having heard these two witnesses, the judge gives the papers in the case a flirt, and smooths them out on his bench. He seizes a pen and cries out in a sing-song voice the old formula: 'Case No. 7,500: Jones versus Jones, decree of divorce granted as prayed for to the plaintiff.'

"His pen scratches as he talks, he blots the entry, tosses the paper over to the clerk of the court and calls the next case. Generally it has all been done in two minutes."

THUS Reno profits by the new law which Nevada passed when, as noted in our issue of April 4, Arkansas and Idaho threatened to become competitors for the divorce business by cutting their required terms of residence to three months. Nevada slashed the term to six weeks, and this new rush is the result.

With amazement and horror, or tolerance and amusement, the rest of the nation views the Reno show.

"The whole spectacle, to any one with a trace of moral feeling, is sickening," declares the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and the Springfield *Republican* says that "but for section 3 of article 4 of the Federal Constitution, Nevada might be suspended from the Union as a State guilty of disreputable conduct." "Reno represents moral disintegration carried to the *n*th degree," asserts the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, adding "that is not to say that divorce is never justified."

But to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* it is not a hideous spectacle, but "an amusing bit of practical necessity."

And the Hartford *Courant* thinks that "in no small measure, the too lax system in Nevada may be the consequence of the too rigid systems in force in many communities elsewhere."

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Our Tallest Sky-Piercing Pinnacle

"ONE DAY OUT and I can still see the building!"

Ex-Gov. Alfred E. Smith read this radiogram at the dedication of the sky-puncturing Empire State Building.

It had been sent from a transatlantic liner by William F. Lamb, architect of the highest and largest structure ever erected by man, so far as ancient or modern history reveals.

At 11:30 A. M., on May 1, President Hoover stopt on his way to a Cabinet meeting to press a button that switched on the lights in the building erected by a corporation headed by his defeated rival in the last Presidential campaign.

At the dedicatory exercises, held on the eighty-sixth floor of this building that soars 1,250 feet into the sky of mid-town Manhattan, Mr. R. H. Shreve, associate architect, revealed some of the astounding features of a structure that is victor in the race for height.

Mr. Shreve tells us that the Empire State Building weighs some 600,000,000 pounds. Furthermore, as reported in the New York *Times:*

"He computed, however, that the great bulk weighed no more than a forty-five-foot rock pile that might cover its site.

"He explained that 210 columns supported the burden of the building, and that the structure was vertical within a variation of five-eighths of an inch.

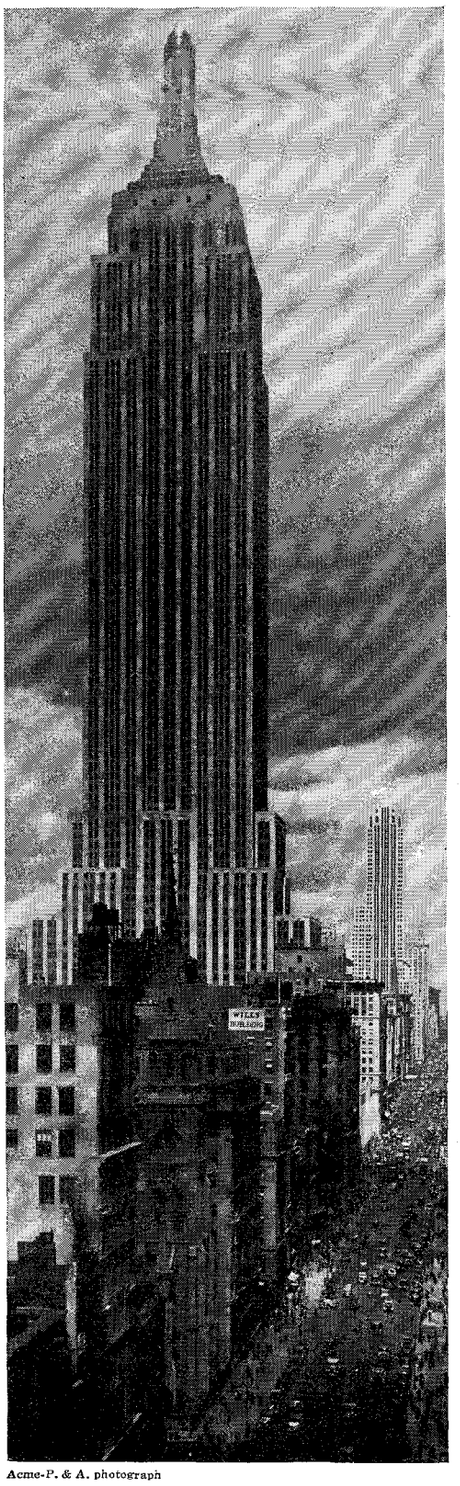
"The load was distributed so evenly that the weight on any given square inch was no greater than that normally borne by a French heel, he declared."

Col. W. A. Starrett, head of the construction company which completed the building in less than a year from the day on which the first of the 210 columns or "legs" on which it stands was installed, reveals further interesting facts. As reported in *The Herald Tribune:*

"Three hundred tons of chrome-nickel steel were used in the pier trims of the building and 450 tons of aluminum were used to make the spandrels or panels under the windows and in the mooring-mast exterior.

"About 200,000 cubic feet of Indiana limestone, of which the building exterior is composed, were used, and 10,000,000 common brick. Six thousand four hundred windows were set in the structure.

"The completed building contains 37,000,000 cubic feet."



Acme-P. & A. photograph

Babel's Sons at It Again

How long will this building, which is 225 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, retain its supremacy as the highest building ever erected by man? "Realty men agree that the office sky-scrapers of to-day," notes *The Times*, "have approached the limit of economic practicability in height."

But has competitive sky-scraping stopt? Figures published in *The Times* on Manhattan's favorite architectural sport indicate no cessation in this record-breaking skyward race:

	Stories.	*Feet.*
Empire State	85	1,250
Chrysler	77	1,046
Bank of Manhattan	71	925
City Bank Farmers Trust	54	745
500 Fifth Avenue	58	697
Irving Trust	50	650

Cities must rebuild themselves periodically, just as a man buys a new suit, H. G. Wells recently told the Royal Institute of British architects. "Rebuilding will be looked upon as normal as harvesting." To many American newspapers the Empire State marks the advent of a new era in sky-piercing and the obsolescence of the old-fashioned sky-scraper. Papers like the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Washington *Post* and *Star*, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and the New York *World-Telegram* are left wondering what the future will bring forth. The last-named daily finds no answers for these self-imposed questions:

"What does this colossal building signify? What does it prophesy? Are there to be other buildings still higher and vaster? If so, how high and vast?

"Where will the people live who occupy them in daytime? How can rapid-transit lines ever be built fast enough? Will gigantic near-by residential piles arise to house the people from the super-sky-scrapers?

"Why was the stupendous structure built? Was it conceived to glorify men, to glorify humankind's passion for bigness?

"Or is it but an inevitable expression of the new age of giantism, a step in growth just as a new limb is a step in the growth of a California redwood?

"The Flatiron Building, the Woolworth Building, the Empire State—these are the three outstanding landmarks in New York's progress into the skies.

"What new landmark will make the Empire State an old landmark?"

"It would not be amiss to call a halt on height at this point," warns the Baltimore *Sun:*

"It requires only a few structures of comparable capacity in a given locality to create traffic and transportation problems of the first magnitude."

More than 4,000 persons paid $1 each to go to the top of the Empire State on its first fine Sunday. They were particularly impressed, says the New York *Sun*, at seeing the shadow of the building stretched across the East River and into Brooklyn. The *Sun* reporter describes his own sensations on the 101st floor, on a cloudy day:

"He missed the vaunted view, but he stood at the top of the tower and looked out and could see nothing except about twenty stone stories below. Street noises came up to him, but his sensation was that of having been wrapt in cotton-batting and suspended between earth and sky."

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From "Seeing England and Scotland," by E. M. Newman

What Chesterton Misses in America—the Beauty of the English Village

Chesterton Whacks Our Villages

"EYESORES TO ANY ONE of European tradition and instinct. . . ."

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, at fifty-seven rotund and orotund, is addressing the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. But it is the American, not the English village, that he is vilifying. Just off the boat, Mr. Chesterton threw aside company manners and sailed right into America, to the delight of British ears:

"The first things you see are yellow tin advertisements, then tin buildings, then wooden buildings all plastered with advertisements, then frameworks of lead and glass and tin, called shops—and then, thank God, you are out of the town.

"It is an astonishing thing that the white race and European and Christian civilization, spread over a whole gigantic continent, have never produced anything like a village fit to look at."

"No village in the United States worth looking at!" scornfully retort our editors, as G. K. C.'s words reverberate in news and editorial columns. The Hartford *Times* names a few: Williamstown, Massachusetts; Barnstable, on Cape Cod; Wickford, Rhode Island; Manchester, Vermont; Concord, New Hampshire; Amenia, New York—"and countless other pretty places." And to this list the Brooklyn *Eagle* adds the names of Litchfield and Old Lyme, Connecticut; Bennington, Vermont; Cambridge, New York, and "even Garden City, Long Island." The Hartford *Courant* is justly proud of Connecticut's beautiful villages. Each region, apparently, cherishes certain charming hamlets.

Even those papers which admit that most American villages are neither things of beauty nor joys forever, are quick to their defense and skilful in puncturing the criticism of the "borborygmic" Chesterton, as the New York *Times* describes him. He mistakes "the mighty rumblings within his own giant frame for the upheavals of the cosmos." In defense of the American village, the Chicago *Tribune* is effectively convincing:

"The American small-town builder has sought utility and convenience, sanitation, and a pure-water supply, adequate lighting, good roads, and means of transportation, recreation, and amusement.

"He protects himself against the weather, consults his physical comfort, provides himself with playthings, and is blind to the appearance of his surroundings.

"Ugliness does not make him unhappy.

"He is not melancholy if he is looking at tin signs, bad colors, hideous buildings, and much litter.

"He is likely to be proud of the substance of things, and quite indifferent to the form.

"As a picture, it is dreadful.

"Almost everywhere the American countryside, even in its flat areas, has charm, characteristic and distinctive in many regions, but where man stops to dwell, he mutilates.

"He makes a dreary or hideous place of his abode.

"It does not matter whether it is a little factory town or a rural center, utility seems to have been the only consideration, and the people are content without what would be regarded as the normal satisfactions of an esthetic sense.

"To the unaccustomed eye, the scene is forlorn and depressing, but comparisons with the foreign habitat need be discriminating."

DESPITE its outward charm, the European village, particularly the English village, in the opinion of the Chicago writer, has not enhanced living conditions for the man who inhabits it:

"He might have responded to better plumbing, better heating, better food, and more diversions in addition to those of singing madrigals, if he did, and getting an occasional half-pint at the inn, but what he did get was bad teeth, the rheumatism, and a closed horizon.

"As between the filling-station at the crossroads and the lovely village by the hall it may be said that one animates an inquisitive life and the other holds the already dead.

"It may not be vain to think there is a greater promise in the ugly American small town than in the foreign village which charms the traveler, but that thought will not preclude the wish that the Americans would hasten the day of their deliverance from the gross indignities they inflict upon the countryside, which in these days of blossoming dogwood, red-bud, thorn, and orchard tries to beguile them from the ugliness of their habitations."

"The United States has received a wrong impression of what I said," protests Mr. Chesterton to a representative of the North American Newspaper Alliance. But, he insists:

"In the United States you feel that the villages are ephemeral, like gipsy encampments, or booths set up at a fair.

"It is true that the village, which in England seems the most permanent human thing, in the United States seems the most inhuman and ephemeral."

MR. CHESTERTON, retorts the Hartford *Courant*, has unwittingly stumbled into the morass of his own paradoxes:

"He thinks American villages are ugly because they are Puritan, not knowing that the most beautiful are the Puritan, at least in those States where the Puritans have lived.

"Social democracy, he should be informed, had its birth in the New World not in aristocratic Virginia or New Orleans, but in the villages of New England.

"He would be as much repulsed by the new Tokyo and many parts of South America."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

ALFONSO might come to America. Any old Bourbon gets a royal welcome here.—*Milwaukee Leader.*

MOTHER'S figure may not be getting slender, but father's figures are.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

"MONKS all over the world are noted for being fond of fish," says a writer. Out of the frying-pan into the friar.—*The Humorist (London).*

PLENTY of Democrats are trying to take away Mr. Raskob's leadership, but still no one threatens to relieve him of the party debt.—*Washington Post.*

IF our Congressional Insurgents have nothing in particular to do this spring, they might go over and show Spain how to start a republic right.—*Newark News.*

TRYING to scratch out a living in these times has put us back where we were sixty-five years ago; the north is blue and the south has turned gray.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

WHEN a woman says she is temperamental, it may be more temper than mental.—*American Lumberman.*

IT might be worse. Suppose Russia should dump her surplus consonants over here.—*Woodstock (Ont.) Sentinel-Review.*

SPECIAL cigars for women are now on the market. This will enable husbands to retaliate on birthdays.—*Passing Show (London).*

THE Prince of Wales states that the King of England has to do a lot of studying. When he reigns he pores.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

NEW YORK Stock Exchange owns 70,000 miles of telephone and telegraph wires. It certainly has been stringing the country.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

NOW that automobiles are being built with musical instrument attachments, we'd like to have one built like an accordion, for parking purposes.—*Southern Lumberman.*

ENTHUSIASTIC reformers in New York, if we sense the situation correctly, are especially eager to give three cheers without the tiger.—*Boston Herald.*

LAW enforcement in Chicago will receive its greatest impetus when crime becomes as dangerous as parking alongside a fire hydrant.—*Louisville Times.*

IN some parts of the country, the finding of a four-leafed clover is said to denote a forthcoming marriage. In others, it is said to bring good luck.—*The Humorist.*

THINGS could be much worse in New York at that. They might have turned all this investigation business over to the lamented Wickersham Committee.—*Judge.*

RED HOWLERS, it seems, are monkeys of a nearly extinct species. They are understood to be quite distinct from any group of Labor extremists.—*Punch (London).*

IN twenty years the present styles of clothing worn by women will look ridiculous, says Poiret. Which proves that some of us are twenty years ahead of the times.—*Thomaston Times.*

A GANGSTER who shot a Michigan policeman in cold blood has just been convicted of second-degree murder. The gangster who could commit first-degree murder in this country would be a genius.—*San Diego Union.*

TOO bad we can't put ourselves on full time as easily as we can on daylight-saving time.—*American Lumberman.*

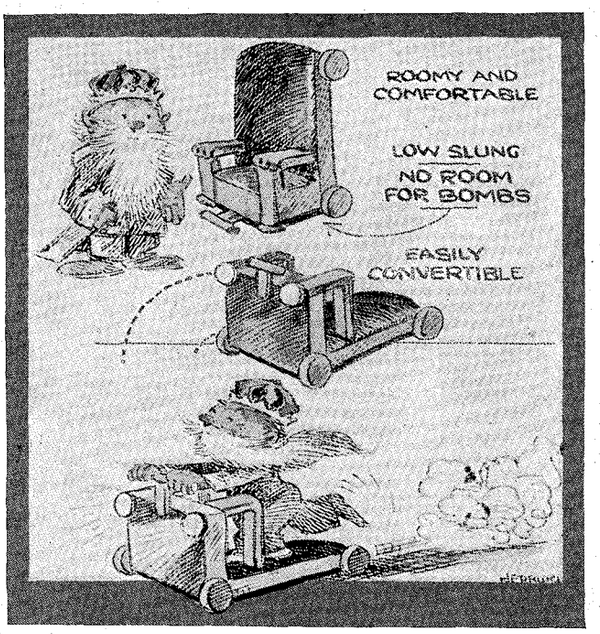
AS a matter of fact, the men who say Prohibition doesn't work are the ones who do the most to keep it busy.—*Louisville Times.*

PEOPLE in the midst of disaster have one consolation. They know Will Rogers will show up in a few days.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

THE per capita cost of government in the U. S. last year was $105.20. We can account for the 20 cents, but the $105 has us puzzled.—*Thomaston Times.*

IT has been reported that pay equalization has been replaced in Russia with pay according to skill and ability. Oh, well, we had no intention of going to Russia, anyway.—*Manchester Union.*

IT seems to be up to the proverb makers to explain why the early birds, if any, never seem to catch the cutworms.—*Springfield Union.*



Latest 1931 Model Throne

—Herblock in the Chicago "Daily News."

THE farmer is not unemployed. Just unpaid, that's all.—*Arizona Producer.*

THE missionary has a hard job. As soon as heathen learn our religion, they begin to learn our customs.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

CRIME films are reported to be losing their appeal in America. Audiences prefer something different from the incidents of every-day life.—*Punch.*

THEY propose now to abolish party circles on the Illinois ballot. What we would like to get rid of isn't the circles but the rings.—*American Lumberman.*

WE feel sort of sorry for King Alfonso, and have a reminiscent twinge of sympathy for him. We, too, were driven out of our castles in Spain some years back.—*Boston Herald.*

THE Government has established a bear sanctuary in Alaska. The bulls need no protection, but how about a lamb sanctuary in Wall Street?—*San Diego Union.*

THE chin, says Champion Bobby Jones, is highly important in golf. Why, it's 90 per cent. of our game as we tell it.—*Detroit News.*

WE have always believed that the execution of amateur saxophone players should either be improved or hastened.—*Louisville Times.*

THE President didn't address the D. A. R. convention this year. One more arms limitation treaty and he'll go on the blacklist.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

ACCORDING to a novelist, Americans will soon have forgotten the expression "Good health!" The customary remark when drinking bootleg whisky being "Good-by," of course.—*The Humorist.*

THE chance of having a paragraph reproduced in THE LITERARY DIGEST is one in 21,000,000, says a Florida paper. By way of comparison, it is like trying to find parking space.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

THERE are great openings in Hollywood still. A recent Hollywood news item said, "The new star is a tall, slender girl, with a fair skin, deep blue eyes, a rather large mouth which when she smiles discloses perfect teeth and dainty feet."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

British Labor's Daring Land Venture

THE FRAIL BUT DAUNTLESS FIGURE of Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Britain's Labor-Socialist Government, again commanded the keen attention, not only of the House of Commons, but of the British Empire and the world when he directly challenged private ownership of land as he had forecast in his 1931-32 Budget a few days previously.

"Land was given by the Creator," he said, "not for the use of dukes, but for the equal use of all His children."

"Restriction of the freedom of the use of land," he went on, "is restriction upon human liberty."

His proposal of a capital land-tax was made in the Budget, as recorded recently in these pages, but his resolution to make it effective, while delighting some sections of the British press, alarms and dismays others.

There was something extremely solemn and sincere, we are told, in the earnestness with which Mr. Snowden said:

"We have set our hands to this task, and we are going to see it through.

"By this measure we are asserting the right of the community to the ownership of land.

"If private individuals continue to possess a nominal claim, then they must pay rent to the community for the enjoyment of the privilege.

"To restrict the use of land by the arbitrary will of its owner and enhance its prices, raises rents, prevents municipal development and the enhancement of social amenities.

"Rent enters into the price of every article produced and every public service."

What a Rich Feast This Will Be!

—The "Daily Record" (Glasgow).

THE Labor party's plan, we learn from London press dispatches, provides that the central government of Great Britain shall value and tax all lands in the United Kingdom excepting agricultural property, government holdings, holdings by local authorities, holdings of small value, and land held for charitable purposes.

It is estimated that between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 parcels of land in England alone will be valued during this year, and a yearly tax of 1 penny (2 cents) for every pound ($4.86) capital value is scheduled to begin in 1933.

The valuation process, we read further in London press cables, is to be made from the first of next August, and a revaluation will be made throughout the country every five years.

According to Mr. Snowden, the work of the first valuation, lasting over a period of three years, will cost between $5,000,000 and $7,500,000, about a third of which will come within the present fiscal year. As reported in the press, Mr. Snowden emphasized the fact that:

"It is obvious that there will be an enormous number of assessments where the amount involved will be negligible, and where the tax would amount to only a few pence.

"It would not be worth while to collect these, so I propose that the individual be relieved of the tax for any year in which he proves the total amount payable by him does not exceed ten shillings [$2.50] or the rate due on 120 pounds [about $600] at the rate of a penny in the pound.

"This will exempt practically all of the working-class."

Among other exemptions mentioned are church sites, cemeteries, land owned by the national trust and local authorities, land owned by railways and other public utilities which can not be diverted for other purposes, and sites, hospitals, and almshouses. University lands and playing fields, it appears, are not exempt.

In presenting his argument for what Conservative newspapers call "an extreme piece of Socialistic class legislation," Mr. Snowden said in part:

"We are asking the landowners to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Taxation of land values is rent paid to the community.

"The great land-owners can not be permitted to enjoy privilege to the detriment of the welfare of the community.

"Land was given by the Creator, not for the use of dukes, but for the equal use of all His children.

"Restriction of the freedom of the use of land is restriction upon human liberty."

BUT the revenue gained through the land tax, Mr. Snowden further declared, "will be by no means the only advantage the Government hopes to get," and he added:

"There will be a more important effect. This act will cheapen land and throw it open for use, and these advantages will begin to accrue the instant the measure becomes law."

In a poll of the London press by cable, THE LITERARY DIGEST finds Conservative newspapers generally denouncing the land-tax proposal as "a vindictive piece of class legislation." Says the aristocratic Tory *Morning Post:*

"Altho Snowden's exposition of his scheme for taxation of land values purposely left much in doubt and obscurity; altho, as Sir Austen Chamberlain remarked, it is difficult to relate the tax to the objects proclaimed; in one respect at least no room is left for misunderstanding.

"The scheme is an unblushing piece of class legislation, drafted by partizanship and inspired by vindictiveness.

"There may or may not be a sound case for taxation of land values, but Snowden has not troubled to make it. All he was concerned to do was to give the cue for Socialist platform oratory.

"For centuries the law has permitted and even encouraged the buying and selling of land. Snowden calmly proposes to proceed upon the assumption that every present land-owner is a rascal battening on the life blood of the community.

"If to own land be antisocial, the Sinthen law, which allowed it, is to blame, and not those who are the present purchasers or inheritors who acquired their property on the faith of and under the protection of the law."

Another Conservative newspaper, the London *Daily Telegraph*, characterizes the measure as "an outrageous example of this

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Government's habit of fiscal legislation by mass exemption of their working-class supporters," and it continues:

"That this is a vindictive measure, and introduced with a spiteful purpose, Snowden has not attempted to conceal.

"It long has been his pet project, and his motive is the same as that which inspired the proposals of 1909 (Lloyd George's unsuccessful land tax).

"Nevertheless malice makes the worst possible basis of fiscal legislation."

AMONG Liberal journals we find strong support of the principle of the land tax, but as the London *News-Chronicle* remarks:

"Comment on the whole scheme must be suspended until the details are at least a little clearer and more fixt."

Similarly the Manchester *Guardian* observes that "many details must be clarified," for altho Snowden's speech was "clear and fairly specific," it was "only an introduction."

The Guardian asserts that Snowden anticipated the Conservative arguments, and for that reason the Conservatives were compelled to debate land taxes on their merits instead of invoking the old cry of the sanctity of property. This daily proceeds:

"Unless the House of Lords has some surprize in store, Snowden will have a fairly easy passage for the land valuation and taxation clauses of his Budget.

"The Conservative speeches yesterday lacked fire and conviction. No one would have thought they were directed against the principle which stirred up the greatest constitutional conflict for generations, and which had been responsible for one of the few really important modern written alterations of the Constitution.

"In the normal course of things this Parliament should run its course by the middle of 1933. By then, if both parties (Liberals and Laborites) are wise, they will have used freely all the resources of the Parliament Act to circumvent the House of Lords, and they will have in operation—not lightly to be taken off—a new tax on land values. It would be poetic revenge and sound political sense."

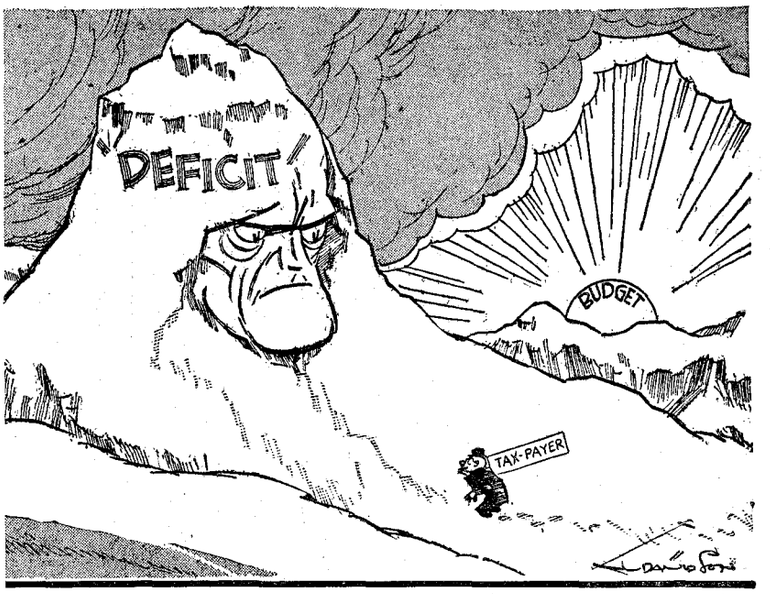
THE above prophecy of *The Guardian* was realized when the Snowden resolution was adopted by the House of Commons by a vote of 289 to 230, giving the Government a majority of 59.

The semiofficial Laborite London *Daily Herald* is revealed in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S cable poll as declaring that Snowden's arguments are "as overwhelming as the Tory attempts to answer them who are feeble," and it adds:

"The value of other forms of property may partly or wholly be due to the exertions of its owner. The site value of land, apart from the buildings, drainage, and other improvements, is entirely the result of labor and the prosperity of the community.

"It is merely common justice that at least a part of this value created by the community should be taken by the community. The exemption of land with purely agricultural value from the tax is a wise one.

"But for the taxation of land, which by reason of its situation has a higher value than its agricultural one, the case is unanswerable."



Snow-Capped Snowden

When the thaw comes some one is going to be drowned.
—"The Evening Times" (Glasgow).

The Brass Rail Round the World

ALL THE DECENCY AND COMFORT of mild potations with the family in a German summer garden, to the accompaniment of soothing music, are being rudely displaced by the invasion of the thrice-abominable American bar.

That's how some German editors feel about the Volstead Law, which, they say, has driven the saloon all over the world outside the United States, or into the precincts of American speak-easies and bars in private houses for guests only.

An indignant and uncompromising foe of perpendicular drinking, who writes in the Berlin *Abend*, pours the vials of his wrath on the menace of the American bar not only to Germany but to all quarters of the globe. With boiling ire he draws a picture of the whole world standing with its foot on the brass rail, saying:

"Thus they stand in the Union of South Africa, thus they stand in the Tropics, thus they stand in Senegal, thus they stand in New Guinea, thus they stand in India and in Central America.

"Thus they stand more and more numerously in Europe; yes, in Berlin itself, growing more and more Americanized.

"All these nations reacting so diversely to alcohol are now standing upright in front of the American bar, across which the coins roll unceasingly, over which the drink goes in floods—Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Hungarians side by side with Englishmen and Americans.

"The counter over which alcohol is thus passed unceasingly has taken the last remnant of self-respect, of reserve, of geniality of temper, of true cheer, from every drinker under its domination.

"In front of that counter only bar manners prevail—that is, lack of manners, the thing the black man, the red man, the yellow man, the brown man has in common with the white man."

AT all transcontinental crossroads, at all international harbors, protests this German, stretches the long American bar. Its ritual destroys old traditions of reserve, courtesy, dooms the contemplative mood, and kills all intimacy and true comradeship.

Instead it is the nursery only of "bar comradeship," of maudlin confidences and conversations. We read then:

"The American bar becomes a symbol of treating in the American manner, through the medium of alcoholic groups forming swiftly, dissolving no less swiftly, reconstituting and again disappearing in the consumption of alcohol by individuals, then by groups of the half-intoxicated, then by gangs of rowdies.

"In front of the brass rail protecting the bar stand drinking, smoking, pushing, cursing, spitting men.

"The comradeship of the bar calls for easy-going conviviality.

"It destroys true heartiness, true manners, true self-respect.

"The genuine American bar is without women, without music, without food, consecrated only to the consumption of alcohol.

"And this accursed American bar, expelled from the land of its origin, is making the circuit of the globe, conquering the world, triumphing over the inn, the cozy nook, the dainty landlord's table, and all that is properly convivial."

What is more, this German critic of the American bar declares the English also have nothing but scorn and objurgation for it.

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Kemal's Third Term

WITHOUT A SINGLE DISSENTING VOTE, Mustafa Kemal Pasha has been elected President of the Turkish Republic for the third time in eight years.

The new Turkish Parliament met at Angora on May 4. Its first act was to reelect the Ghazi, which means "the Unconquered." But as the Ghazi had himself previously chosen those very deputies, various foreign observers say, the actual balloting in Angora indicates that Turkish politics are something of a farce.

After eleven years of power, however, Kemal the Unconquered remains the dictator of the new Republic, the Istanbul correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

"As head of the Popular party he has the right to select Deputies.

"Gen. Ismet Pasha, the Prime Minister, and Redjeb Bey, the newly elected Secretary-General of the party, assist the Ghazi, who, however, has the final choice.

"He is showing a preference for younger men, as he considers that many of the Deputies are past their prime.

"He is also bent on choosing men who will obey him implicitly, and who will not come under the influence of any one else.

"As there is no Opposition party, the men who are nominated by the Ghazi are bound to be elected, and the actual elections are rather a farce.

"On this occasion, however, a new departure has been brought about by the Ghazi reserving thirty seats, for which the people are invited to elect thirty men holding independent views, so that—according to the Ghazi's manifesto—the Government's actions can be examined and criticized.

"It is at present not clear who these thirty men will be, and in any case they have no organization behind them.

"Political events have made the continuance of the two-party system impossible.

"The great mass of the Turkish people do not understand the intricacies of politics. Turkey demands strong and just government.

"Up to a point she has been getting this from the Popular party, altho latterly there have been many cases of abuse and malpractise. There has also been much confusion because of the attitude of the Ghazi.

"He encouraged Fethy Bey to form a second party, and promised to remain neutral in the political struggle. The President of the Republic has now once again become a 100 per cent. Popular party man, but he has lost some of his erstwhile friends and supporters.

"Voting is done by lists, and each party has the right to nominate a list of its candidates. In the present case there was only one list, that of the Popular party.

"Women were given the municipal franchise last year, and they expected the Parliamentary franchise this year. The Government has decided otherwise, probably because the attitude of the women during the municipal elections was not altogether to the liking of the authorities."

Ewing Galloway photograph

"Boys and Girls Together"

For the first time in Turkish history men and women gather in the same school to learn chiefly the Latin alphabet. It is one of the many Westernized reforms of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the thrice-elected "dictator" President of the republic he founded.

Altho Kemal, the Unconquered, enters the second decade of his dictatorship, the transformation of Turkey from the backward Ottoman Empire between Europe and Asia into a progressive Republic is somewhat retarded, hints a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, by the Oriental outlook of the masses.

THE piercing black eyes of the Ghazi flash with anger when reports are brought to him of the survival of the old customs of the Caliphate. He gives orders to round up the stragglers at the cafés to be brought into the schools where they can be taught the Latin alphabet. He orders drastic punishment for those who engrave Turkish characters on Stamboul gravestones.

He encourages education, always more education, hoping, as the loyal newspapers of Istanbul point out, to lead the younger generation away from the folkways of their fathers and the habits he openly ridicules.

This short, strongly built man, who has imposed his will on a whole nation, and challenged the mental habits of hundreds of centuries, has just completed a tour of his realm. His gift of oratory often moves Young Turkey to tears.

Its allegiance to the progressive ideas of "the Unconquered" remains untouched. But, the *Guardian* correspondent avers that the old mystery of the East persists, and old-fashioned fanaticisms and prejudices of the Moslems have only been driven underground. Here is the experience of a Russian lady married to a Turk, as recounted in this famous Manchester daily:

"She complains of loneliness. True, Russia is like a 'great prison,' she says; it took her a year of hard work to get permission to leave the country with her husband, and if she goes back she will not be able to leave again, husband and children or no husband and children.

"But she is unhappy here. 'She finds that her husband's family belongs to the fanatical section of Turkish society.

"They can not stomach the idea that their heir has married a non-Moslem. They do not receive her. They will not let him live in their fine houses. He has to fend for himself as a reparation for his offense to the Moslem traditions."

A STRIKING feature of Turkey's republican days is revealed by Selma Ekrem, a staff correspondent of the New York *Sun*, who writes from Istanbul as follows:

"The present economic crisis in Turkey has caused the Government to organize thrift days in an effort to teach the extravagant Turk the value of money. During Bairam, the great religious festival, words of wisdom and thrift sounded all over the city from the minarets instead of the usual verses from the Koran. The Turk does not know the value of money. Gold poured into his pocket flows out of it like water. Saving has never been his national trait."

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Let London Not Scorn Chicago

THE FINGER OF REPROACH for lawlessness must not be too readily pointed at Chicago.

This is the grave reminder of some English editors, who are alarmed by the increase in crime in London and elsewhere in England.

Specifically noted for reflection about the crime wave in London is a gangster job in Kingsway, a main thoroughfare of central London. At one forty-five in the morning, *The Morning Post* relates:

"A road-sweeper was held up at the pistol's point while two men smashed a shop window, grabbed a number of watches, and then made off in a waiting car.

"It is, no doubt, a tribute to London's confidence in the supremacy of law and order that the report of such robbery under arms should be startling enough to seem almost incredible.

"Yet this is the fourth raid at the same place in six months, and the sequel to many other similar exploits elsewhere in London.

"What is new and most disquieting is the production of firearms and the threat of using them.

"Our police have a difficult task in dealing with a form of crime to which the motor-car has given such a new and baffling mobility.

"But it is to be hoped that no effort will be spared to discourage most severely the naturalization in this country of the gunman. Chicago's experience should be warning enough against that danger."

IN the London *Daily Express* this "smash-and-grab" raid on the Kingsway shop is described as only the latest of a long series of crimes in England in which the participants have made use of firearms.

Nothing is more disturbing to Scotland Yard than this growing tendency to copy the methods of American gunmen, and this newspaper goes on:

"It is believed that the proportion of criminals who now carry arms is at least three times what it was before the war.

"There were as many as 246 smash-and-grab raids in London alone last year, and in many cases the criminals were armed. Nearly 2,000 cars were stolen in the same period—many of them by motor bandits who abandoned them after they had been used for raids.

"Scotland Yard have a list of at least seventy London criminals who are known to go about armed.

"They are all young men, and most of them belong to gangs who use motor-cars for their expeditions.

"There is now a regular traffic in the underworld in the sale of revolvers. The guns are smuggled into the country from France and Belgium.

"An alarming number of the raids in the last twelve months have been made on shops and post-offices. There have also been many cases of women being terrorized by revolvers, and of policemen being fired on by criminals in danger of arrest.

"The general opinion at Scotland Yard is that the only way to prevent gangster methods from becoming prevalent in England is to:

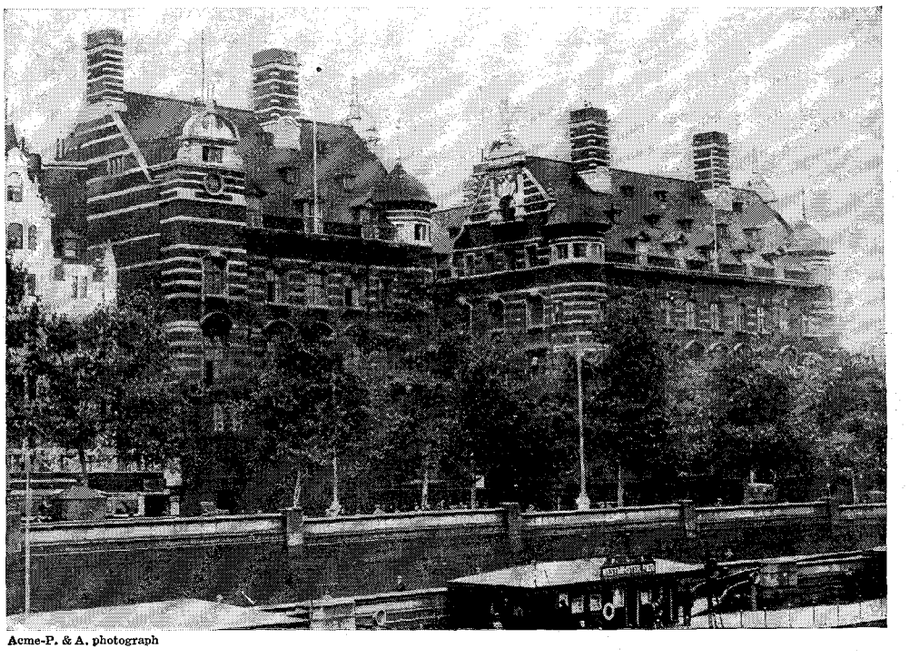
"Impose still more severe penalties on criminals caught in possession of firearms; and

"Tighten up the customs inspection at the ports.

"Judges are determined to do everything in their power to suppress the armed gangs, and heavy sentences have been imposed when gunmen have been convicted at assize courts.

"Mr. Justice Humphreys recently sentenced a man to ten years' penal servitude for shooting at a policeman."

Shooting "at" a policeman in England, say some English champions sarcastically, is apparantly a graver offense than shooting a policeman dead in some other parts of the world.



Acme-P. & A. photograph

A Place You've Often Heard Of

Scotland Yard, headquarters of the Detective Bureau of the London metropolitan police on the Thames embankment. No detective story written in England could ever be complete without mention of Scotland Yarders, whom "Sherlock Holmes" delighted to outpoint.

The Perplexing Pacific

TO IMAGINE THAT THE PACIFIC is pacific would be sheer optimism, say the doubters.

In a recent address before the Pan-Pacific Good Relations Club in Tokyo, reported in the Osaka *Mainichi*, Prof. Kenzo Takayanagi characterized the Pacific Ocean rather as the area of old and new conflicts—conflicts of white, black, brown, and yellow races.

This Japanese scholar, who is organizing a federation of good-will societies among nations bordering on the Pacific, said in part:

"It has been suggested that the center of human civilization has been moving from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Whether or not this way of looking on the history of civilization is a correct one, it is undoubtedly true that the Pacific occupies now a most important place in formulating the future destinies of mankind.

"In contrast to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, the Pacific area is characterized by a complexity of problems.

"First, there are intercultural problems.

"There is America, with her European tradition of culture, with the background of Jewish and Christian religion, Greek philosophy and art, Roman organizing genius, Germanic spirit of democratic government, and with the fruits of the industrial revolution which ushered in the machine age and capitalism.

"There is Asia, with her 4,000 years of traditional culture, with her Buddhism and Shintoism, Confucianism—philosophy of life, exquisite sense of beauty crystallized into Japanese arts, and with an economic system, which according to Western economic science, may be characterized as a feudal economic régime.

"Nor can we disregard Russia, trying to throw off all the traditional religions and philosophical systems, and to set up a civilization based on economic communism.

"Second, there are interracial problems; personally I doubt whether the anthropological classification of mankind according to the pigment of the skin—as white, black, brown, and yellow—is really a scientific one."

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A Chemical Breath-Smeller

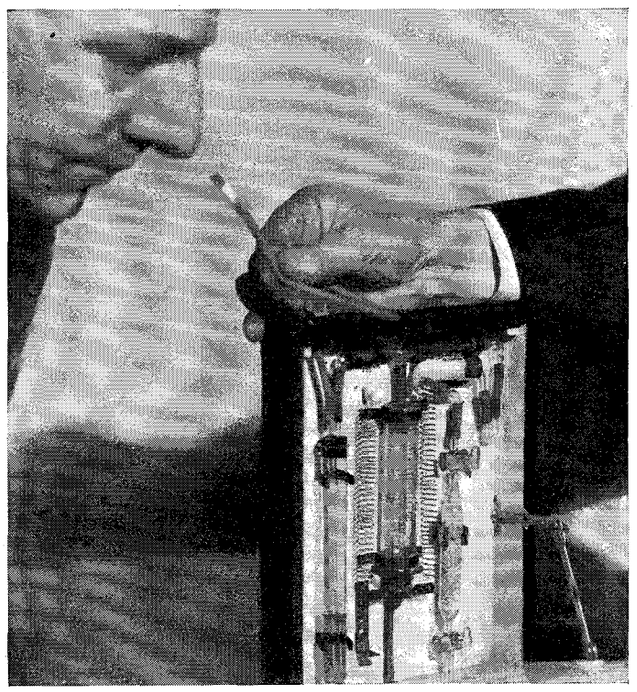
A SCIENTIFIC BREATH-TESTER has been developed by Dr. Rollo N. Harger, of the Medical School of Indiana University at Indianapolis.

With the new device Dr. Harger can determine instantly an alcoholic breath even if perfumed with cloves or coffee.

Dr. Harger has built a portable "breath-smelling" kit that can be worn by a policeman on his hip.

With this kit a policeman can easily find drunken automobile drivers. Police sleuths no longer will be forced to sniff at people's breaths. Says a press report:

"In the future when a policeman investigates an automobile



It Takes Your Breath

And tells instantly if it has a trace of alcohol, Dr. Harger's breath-smelling device.

accident, his first act will be to put all the motorists involved in the episode through the breath test.

"If the suspects are willing to undergo the test, he will give them a toy balloon to blow up.

"This balloon, as each suspect blows it up, will be slipped over a glass tube which is connected with the apparatus by means of a rubber hose. The hose will conduct the air from the balloon to a tumbler containing a pink liquid. This liquid is a solution of potassium permanganate and sulfuric acid.

"The suspect's breath bubbles through this solution. If the breath is pure and undefiled, nothing will happen. But let there be the slightest trace of alcohol in the suspect's breath and the pink solution will turn white!

"In case the suspect refuses to undergo the test, the officer can make it anyway. He needs merely to hold a small glass suction tube within an inch or two of the drinker's nose. Enough of the air exhaled by the suspect will pass into the suction tube to make the bubbler work accurately.

"Dr. Harger introduced his novel 'breath-smeller' to the world at the recent convention of the American Chemical Society in Indianapolis."

Says the Indianapolis *Times*, commenting on the new device:

"If the gin-head of the gears thinks for one minute that mouth-washes, mint drops will fool the little test tube in the motorcycle patrolman's hand, he's second-guessing wrong.

"Dr. Harger says nothing which will disguise the smell of alcohol will interfere with the telltale effect of the 'pink' solution.

"'Ether alone has an effect on the solution like alcohol, but ether is not a feasible disguise,' Dr. Harger said."

The News, of the same city, says:

"America consists of two groups: those who have alcohol on their breaths, and those who think it is wrong to have alcohol on one's breath. Consequently, interest is high in Dr. Harger's sensitive apparatus that tells, not only whether alcohol is present in one's breath, but how much.

"The detector is so infallible, so the society's publicity department says, that it is useless for the prospective subject to chew coffee or cloves. Quite naturally, the public is interested in the breath-detector.

"In a few years, no doubt, the American Chemical Society will issue a story on the development of a concoction that when used after quaffing a drink will defy the 'breath-detector.'"

A Vegetable Barometer

THIS IS WHAT CARPENTIER, a French meteorologist, calls a variety of geranium.

He has been making interesting experiments with its dried seed-pods.

Strictly speaking, the pods are not barometers at all, for they do not measure atmospheric pressure. They are hygrometers, for they indicate with delicacy and accuracy the amount of moisture in the air.

Says a writer in *Les Dernières Nouvelles* (Strasbourg, France):

"There are innumerable varieties of erodium, a member of the geranium family. Many of these plants have hygrometric properties.

"The fruit, which ripens in August, has a velvety exterior and has five ovoid carpels with slender prolongations. When dry, the whole fruit opens, and the carpels separate, but remain attached to the stem at their bases. They are easily detached, and what constitutes the 'barometer' invented by Mr. Carpentier is the ovoid part with its prolongation, which is formed of woody elements whose walls are thicker in the outer layers than within. This is characteristic of the geraniums in general, even of the common garden variety.

"The prolongation, originally straight and somewhat moist, curves as it dries and then because of change in its woody constitution it rolls up, little by little, in a spiral, the internal fibers contracting more than the outer ones.

"Moistening causes it to unroll again. The heat of a fire or a drop of water bring on these phenomena respectively, and this little device, fastened with wax to a cork, forms a faithful and very sensitive barometer. By surrounding it with pasteboard, it may be graduated by comparison with an ordinary barometer. The curved part acts as a pointer.

"According to Mr. Carpentier's own observations, and especially in August, 1930, when variations of weather were so frequent and so great, it even appears more sensible (and much cheaper) than ordinary household barometers.

"The apparatus has about three or four turns of the spiral, to which a fifth may be added when the season is dry and warm; the extremes representing the 'barometric variable' absorb about a half-turn, or a half-circle of the graduation.

"While the needle of an ordinary barometer is moving very slightly, that of the tiny instrument turns through a very large angle. Thus to go from 'very dry' to 'very stormy,' several turns are necessary, so that several of the devices are needed—the first graduated for fair weather, the second for variable, and the third for stormy.

"The indications of this barometer change at every instant, and it would be doubtless interesting to draw daily curves with it.

"Mr. Carpentier shows that during changeable weather the curves often show variations that are disconcerting in their sinuosities. And, as the author says, altho the weather is a great master, its inconstancy is without doubt greater still."

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Parking Autos in a Pile

AUTOMOBILES MAY NOW BE PARKED in vertical columns, a dozen of them occupying the ground area of only one.

The device that has made this possible, the invention of H. D. James, consulting engineer of the Westinghouse Company, is now in successful operation at the company's East Pittsburgh works.

The cars are carried in a series of cages suspended on endless chains, and any user may bring his own car to ground level and drive it off, without other mechanism than a key.

Says the New York *Times*, in an article describing this new space economizer:

"According to Mr. James, each unit consists of a series of cages carried on two endless chains running over sprocket-wheels at top and bottom in the manner of a conveyer. A twenty-four-car machine, occupying a space 16 by 24 feet, is 100 feet high. Each machine may be used as a separate unit, or a number of units may be installed in a building.

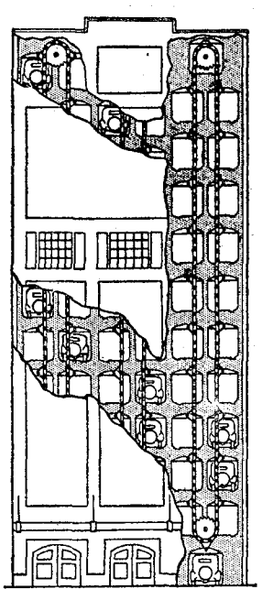
"One of these machines has been in successful operation for several months at the East Pittsburgh works of the company, fully occupied by employees' cars.

"The machine is entirely automatic, no attendant being required for its operation. It may be operated either by key, by push-button or by coin, all three methods using the same control, but having different types of master switches.

"Each car remains in its individual cage until it is delivered. When a cage is called to the driveway level, the machine automatically selects the shortest route, an electric motor moving the desired cage down at the rate of 100 feet a minute. Including the time consumed in opening the doors and moving the car, the whole operation of delivery is said to take only one minute.

"When the key system is employed, each 'tenant' or space renter receives a key for his particular space. By turning his key at the proper place in a panel of keyholes outside the door, he causes his cage to be brought to the driveway level. The same key, turned in the master keyhole, opens the doors of the parking machine, which remains open until the car is rolled out of the cage. The doors close automatically when the key is removed, and the machine is ready to serve the next user.

"Control by push-button or coin-slot, according to Mr. James, is equally simple, each method being best adapted for different types of service.



Rock-a-Bye, Cradle

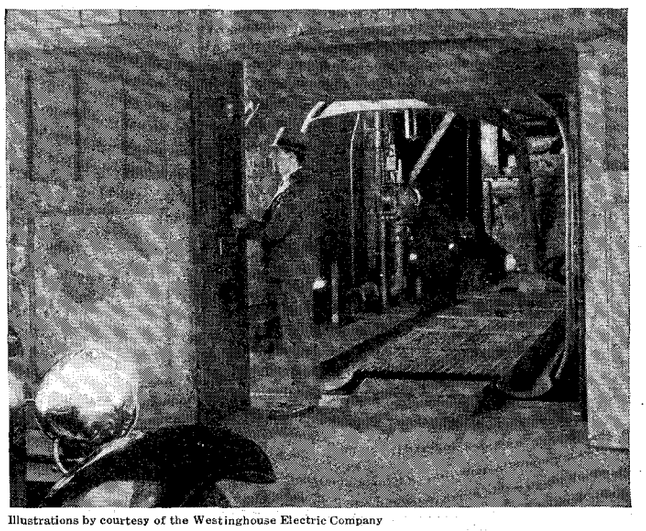
How the parking cradles are carried up and down by chain, like the old oaken bucket.

"In designing the machine, every element of personal danger had been taken into account and provided against, Mr. James said. He added that problems of ventilation and fire hazard had been virtually eliminated by the fact that the automobile is not operated under its own power after it is driven on the machine.

"Another advantage claimed for the machine is that cars are not handled by any one but their owners, thus preventing unauthorized persons from tampering with the car or removing any property or accessories from it. Again, since each car occupies its own cage, it can not be scraped or bumped by another.

"Mr. James pointed out that while the twenty-four-car machine had been designed to accommodate automobiles up to eighteen feet in length, others could be constructed for shorter cars, or for the special use of taxicabs, buses, and trucks. Anticipating other possible uses, Mr. James said:

"'We have directed the first application of parking machines toward the relief of the traffic problem, because we believe that is one of the most critical situations confronting the American public to-day. We are convinced that we have developed something that will go a long way toward solving that problem, and solving it economically. We believe further that the idea has unlimited possibilities in many other lines of human activity, and that it will perform an important function in the evolution of vertical expansion.'"



Illustrations by courtesy of the Westinghouse Electric Company

The Car's Cradle Ready for It

The motorist has inserted his key in the switchboard beside the door, and the cradle appears in a minute. Later, when he wants his car, the key will bring it again.

Health at Every Street-Corner

THE DISCOVERY, BY TWO GERMAN physicians, that the neon light possesses stimulant qualities that may be beneficial, or otherwise, according to whether just enough or too much is used, impels *L'Ami du Peuple* (Paris), to a fanciful forecast.

If the doctors find that other physiological effects follow exposure to the rest of the colored tubes, using different gases, one may then take any desired treatment, it suggests, by strolling down the street of an evening and standing for a few minutes in the light of an appropriate sign. We read:

"For several years past, the fronts of our shops, as evening comes on, have glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. Drs. Zimmern and Hickel have been studying the action of these new illuminants that have become so fashionable.

"The flaming signs displayed on our buildings are illuminated by an electrical discharge passed through tubes in which the air has been replaced by rare gases. The resulting color depends on the particular gas that is used. When it is orange-red, the luminous glass tubing is filled with neon.

"When you stroll along the boulevards, you will recognize the neon tubes by their color.

"Now, Drs. Zimmern and Hickel tell us, exposure to these rays for ten minutes of the day, three times a week, brings about extraordinary results with children. This treatment is used with the listless, apathetic youngsters on whom tonic medicines seem to have no effect. After several sittings, you would not know that they were the same children; they have taken on the normal characteristics of their age—vivacity, gaiety, enjoyment; the blood flows more richly through their arteries, and their weight, long stationary, begins to augment.

"With such results, some parents would be tempted to double the dose. Let them beware; "'better" is the enemy of "well."' The light may then have a toxic effect, and such abuse may bring on lack of appetite, nervousness, and insomnia.

"When our authors have finished their study of the light in all our rare-gas tubes, we may be able to select on our streets the luminous publicity that corresponds to our particular temperament, avoiding one store and stopping before another, according to the color of their signs!

"We may then find health every evening at every street-corner. It will be there for all the world to use!"

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Right- and Left-Handed Trees

WHEN THEIR GRAIN TWISTS, as it does in many cases, it generally goes around to the right as it goes up.

A left twist is not unknown, but it is unusual.

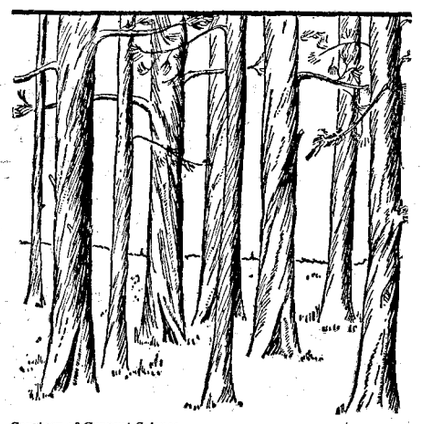
Recent observations by an assistant in the U. S. Geological Survey embody statistics regarding this interesting fact, which has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

Says *Current Science* (Columbus, Ohio):

"Why is there so much right-handedness in the world?

"Most members of the human race prefer to use their right hands, and the cause seems to be physiological; it is not merely a habit acquired by practise. Experiments with rats, not long ago, indicated that most of them used their right paws when either might have served. Now an alert observer in the service of the Geological Survey has discovered that most of the trunks of Western pine-trees possess a right-hand twist.

"Directions must always be in relation to something. How may we define a right-hand twist in the trunk of a tree? The lines that indicate such a twist slant to the east as they run upward. This rule would serve an observer on the south side of the tree, who was facing north. This position—facing north—is usually carefully specified when directions must not be misunderstood. The lines slant to the right as they run upward; this rule will work on any side of the tree.



Courtesy of *Current Science*

Can You Find the "Lefty" Among These Trees?

"Some fifteen years ago Chester K. Wentworth, then a field man working with the United States Geological Survey in eastern Montana, noticed that only a few pine-trees had a left-hand twist in their trunks. He counted them roughly; in more than two hundred trunks not more than five or six turned their lines toward the left. More recently, he has made a very careful count near the timberline in the Bighorn Mountains, Wyoming, where there are a very large number of bare pine-trees, many dead and fallen. His figures were as follows:

"Twisted to the right, 384 trunks; twisted slightly to the left, 13 trunks; twisted strongly to the left, 3 trunks.

"In the majority of the trunks the twist came entirely around in a rise of ten or fifteen feet. A few, however, were much more tightly twisted. Large branches showed the same curling of their lines.

"The best place for you to see a twisted tree-trunk is to watch the telephone poles of your community. You will probably discover one or more in which the grain spirals around the trunk.

"Mr. Wentworth has no acceptable explanation of this strange preference of trees to be right-handed. Possibly, he suggests, the sun, as it circles southward, exercises a sort of pull upon the leaves, or affects the growth in one particular way. If this is so, then trees in the hemisphere below the equator should nearly all have a left-handed twist. No one has furnished that information."

The Auto Takes to the Water

FLOATING automobiles that run on roads in the ordinary way, but are able when necessary to float across rivers, have been built and tested for use in a traveling exhibition of British industries proposed by Capt. Geoffrey Malins of London. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Attached to the side of each automobile are frames and brackets made of the new light metal called 'elektron,' an alloy of magnesium, less than one-half the weight of aluminum.

"Fastened to these brackets are eight air bags of rubberized fabric, four for each side of the car.

"When the expedition wishes to cross a bridgeless river, the elektron framework is put in place, the air bags are attached, and these are pumped up by a bellows arrangement operated by the engine. The car then may be driven into the water under its own power and float on the air bags, with its running-boards level with the water surface.

"Passengers and driver sit in place perfectly dry, and the car may be paddled across the river like a canoe or towed by a motor-boat or by ropes from the opposite bank. When not needed, the metal brackets, air bags and bellows pack away in a box about two feet square by six feet long."

Earthquakes Enough and to Spare

FORTY-THREE EARTHQUAKES in four months, six of them major disasters to life and property in widely scattered parts of the world, is the appalling seismic record of 1931 to the end of April.

Eleven quakes in January, eleven in February, thirteen in March, culminating in the catastrophe that on the thirty-first overtook Managua in Nicaragua, and eight in April, tell the story of an abnormally trembling earth. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"These earthquakes count only the ones important enough to figure in the day's news or to trace their autographs on the ever-vigilant instruments in seismological observatories.

"The lesser quakes that happen every day, the mere local shocks, were not counted.

"The data have been gathered for the use of scientists of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey by Science Service, from the stations of the Jesuit Seismological Association, from official observatories of the United States and Canadian governments, and from numerous universities.

"The first of the great earthquake disasters of the year came on January 14, when the wires bore the tale of ruin in towns of northwestern Argentina, followed by destructive floods and by volcanic eruptions.

"On the very next day the city of Oaxaca, in southern Mexico, was ruined by an earthquake, and Mexico City itself, remote tho it was from the center of the disturbance, was severely shaken and somewhat damaged. After-shocks on the sixteenth and seventeenth prolonged the terror in stricken Oaxaca.

"On the second day of February came the New Zealand shock, destroying several fine towns, wrecking harbors, and killing hundreds. This disturbance was of the peculiarly distressing kind in which there is a considerable tilting of the earth's crust, humping it up in some places and depressing it in others, reducing old-established ground levels to anarchy. There were several after-shocks in the New Zealand area, notably one on the thirteenth.

"March started out with a record of comparatively little damage, the earthquake of the fifth, along the coast of Chile, wrecking a number of houses, but not figuring as a major disaster.

"The eighteenth of the month distinguished itself by staging two earthquakes, neither of which, however, figured in the world's tale of troubles. Then, on the last day of the month, came the quake that overwhelmed the hapless Central American city in ruin."

THEN with a series of eight earthquakes, culminating in the destructive Caucasus shocks at the end of the month, April maintained the high earthquake record of the first quarter. The total of major earthquakes for the year, up to April 30, now stands at forty-three. Says *Science Service* in a later bulletin:

"Last month's quakes occurred on April 4, 6, 15, 19, 20, 22, 24, and 27. The last date was that of the destructive quake in the Caucasus region; tho the telegraphic reports of it did not come out from Moscow until the twenty-ninth.

"None of the other seven quakes, fortunately, caused any notable damage to life or property.

"One, a very mild one, rattled dishes and doors and cracked a few ceilings in the Hudson and Mohawk valleys in New York State. This was on the twentieth.

"The second and third quakes, on the sixth and fifteenth respectively, were midocean earthquakes on opposite sides of the earth."

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Cosmetics for Paintings

PICTURES AS WELL AS THE HUMAN FACE often cry out for the restored glories of youth.

Their faces become wrinkled and their complexions turn yellow and sallow. The painted surface becomes creased and blistered and flakes off, if the damage does not even go deeper and the canvas or board be destroyed by cracks and holes.

We marvel at the glow of some old Italian or Flemish picture, but Dr. Willi Wolfradt tells us in *Die Woche* (Berlin) that it is not time that has dealt tenderly, but cosmetics that have restored what time has treated unkindly:

"As a rule, the paintings which we see hanging in the museums, clean and glowing with color, have usually undergone much which we can not see on the surface.

"Age and illness have often made them unsightly, clouded, and blind. To this we may also add the well-meant 'improvements' of olden days, the many 'radical cures' of incompetent picture restorers. At any rate, hardly a single picture reaches a museum or an art dealer in the final condition in which we see it.

"It has undergone a thorough cleaning and restoration process which is, quite often, much more than a mere varnishing, repairing or repolishing.

"More than this, the expert restorer must needs be an art historian and also possest of a certain detective instinct. For beneath the dark crust on the picture when it is first turned over to the restorer, much is hidden which is surprizingly brought to light when the surface dirt and scabs of varnish are attacked."

THE first and not the least important task of the restorer, we are told, is to determine exactly the damage present:

"This does not only mean examining the canvas for wrinkles and tears, the wooden board for worm-holes, cracks and mold, the painted surface for flakes, blisters, chemical decomposition or the combination of certain pigments, or the degree to which the colors have faded and turned yellow.

"Particular attention must discover whether the original condition has been changed through retouching or other interventions. The duty of the restorer is, last but not least, also critical, inasmuch as he must examine the painting closely for treacherous discrepancies in the painting technique, for possible counterfeits.

"Not a few forgeries of signatures, and entire pictures as well, have only come to light in the laboratory of the restorer. Many a precious discovery has been made in cases where a canvas has been painted over and the top layer of color removed.

"The repair of the canvas, the removal of wrinkles by means of waxed, moderately heated irons, the exchange of a damaged canvas for an entirely new one, the application of patches, plastering up rotten and moldy board backs: these are the first and basic tasks of the restorer.

"They are very delicate tasks, for the slightest slip can ruin any precious masterpiece beyond repair. Old and formerly well-guarded secrets are combined with all the knowledge of modern science to solve these difficult problems.

"This is also true of the actual cleaning process. Every cleansing material used may prove harmful to the picture and its use means knowledge, care, and patience. Even soap and water can cause damage, for they may seep through hair-thin crevices in the pigment and cause the plaster or chalk in the backing to swell. Altho rubbing may increase the polish of a painting, at the same time it may also injure the surface.

"Each restorer has cleansing agents by which he swears, and the list extends from oil of turpentine and spirits of ammonia to soft bread and the yolks of eggs, to say nothing of the secret recipes of old practitioners.

"A particularly hard battle is fought with old varnish, and to remove it without damaging the actual pigments is most difficult. The best method, the so-called Pettenkofer Regeneration Process, is one in which the painting is subjected to alcoholic fumes whereby the clouded resin is liquefied and once more becomes transparent.

"This yellowing or clouding of the varnish is due to internal chemical activity, turning it white like powdered glass and so decreasing its transparency.

"Another method is one in which the old skin of varnish is pulled off, but here the precious resin covering is oft-times damaged."

Face Lifting on a Portrait

Wide cracks in the painted surface drawn together by an electrically heated spatula.

FINALLY, the paint itself is reached, and this part of the restoring process offers most food for thought, the writer continues. The same is true of the retouching and filling in of cracks:

"Here the first principle is that all additions must be capable of being removed easily without impairing the original condition of the painting. No matter how cunning one is in the mixing of the retouching colors and in seeking to make them resemble the old pigments, they are never quite the same and they also react quite differently to the influence of light and weather.

"However, there should be perfect harmony on one point: the restorer must not add one square millimeter of his 'own.' There has been much sinning in this direction in the past."

Film Misfits

WHEN an author complains that his play goes awry when adapted for the film, he may take comfort in thinking how the mighty ones of the earth would find their rôles diminished in similar circumstances.

The "Diarist" of the London *Evening Standard* tells us how "the casting director of one of the leading film companies" would have assigned rôles to famous men had they presented themselves to him as film aspirants:

"His opinions are stimulating but startling. He would never have cast Napoleon for the rôle of a ruler and conqueror. The Corsican's proper part would have been that of a gunman in an underworld film.

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald he describes as the ideal business man. He has such a persuasively paternal voice that orders would positively flow toward him.

"Edison he would cast for the rôle of the friend in need, sometimes hoodwinked but never disillusioned.

"Einstein fits naturally into the clown category; John D. Rockefeller would make an excellent grandfather; Mr. Bernard Shaw is the ideal doctor. He sees little film talent among the prominent women of to-day."

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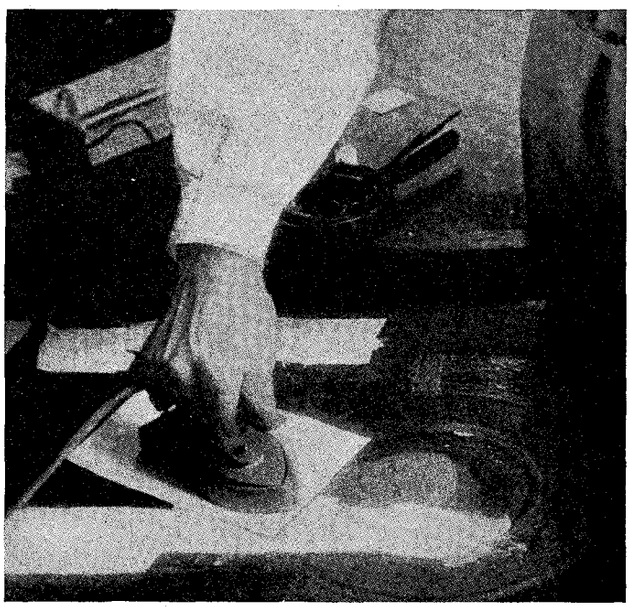
Burlesque Polyglottisms

WORD-BORROWING IS A HABIT of living languages. The tourist season, according to a Frenchman, Ludovic Naudeau, writing in *La Petite Gironde* (Bordeaux), is a time when the French yield themselves to the practise of trying to "seduce the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims by placing inscriptions in English on their store fronts."

"The end attained is not always the one hoped for," he tells us, "and many a time the visitor only laughs heartily at the expense of the overzealous merchant." For example:

"You have seen certain barber shops, on the front of which,



Ironing Out Blisters

That age brings upon canvases.

in pompous letters of gold on a slab of marble one reads the single word *Lavatory;* a lovely English word, but it does not happen to mean just what the French *perruquier* thought it did!

"Many of our bourgeois think themselves elegant in calling their country houses 'cottages,' ignorant of the fact that in England the word denotes a humble residence. Quite often I pass a house called 'Majestic Cottage.' Why all this childishness? Why, if one does not know English, make oneself ridiculous by pretending?

"Ought one to say that each of the different European languages should be self-contained? Together with other students, I believe that it is all a matter of reason and opportunity.

"For example, when the Germans in a fit of excessive chauvinism pretended to use words that were purely Germanic, were they really wise? In this spirit they replaced 'telephone' with *fernsprecher* (distance-speaker), this giving proof of their narrow-mindedness.

"As a matter of fact, it would be useful to all Europeans if words in general use, such as telephone and telegraph, as well as a number of others, were made international."

THE French writer does not object to the lending of words from the French to other languages. He regards it with pride:

"Without mentioning English, which, since the Norman Conquest, has added a complete French vocabulary to its Saxon vocabulary, we can boast of having given many words to the Russian and German languages. In Russian, a person badly educated is a *movetone,* from our *mauvais ton,* a chic gentleman is a *vchikarno.* A blonde is a *blond-inka,* whereas a brunette is a *brunettka.* We have never received so many words as we have given to others, so that we can afford to be liberal in matters of philology.

"A short while ago, a campaign was waged in the English newspapers to have the London restaurant menus printed in English. The English complained that they could not understand the high-sounding names which the *maîtres-d'hôtel* insisted on giving to their productions. 'Console yourself,' I said to one of my English friends, 'altho I am a Frenchman, I can not understand the redundant terminology any better than you.'

"As a matter of fact, England continues to use French for all that which concerns matters of good cheer and feminine elegance. Moreover, as we led in the use of the automobile, England borrows *chauffeur* and *garage.* On the other hand, she has given us many names relating to sport, to travel, and to masculine attire. A simple exchange!"

A LOAN to a foreign language, the writer admits, is justified when it designates a thing or statement hitherto unknown to the borrowing nation:

"We had to adopt the word *lynch,* because lynching is not practised here. We have done the same with the Italian word *vendetta.* The term *knock-out* could not readily be translated into French. One might well say that if we adopt the customs of neighboring countries, we might as well adopt their terms. Still, this must not be abused.

"Why should certain hotel-keepers use the word *lunch* when it does not signify the same as our *déjeuner?* That is snobbish. And why should we use the word *driver?* Why did we create the verb '*driver*'? Many ignorant persons think it elegant to say that they are going *footing* when they mean walking. This is using a word incorrectly and not adopting it.

"Above all else, people like to call other nations by the food with which they are supposed to nourish themselves. For ages, the English, having seen some Frenchmen eat frogs' legs, have disdainfully called us *Froggies.* And in France, we often call the Germans *Sauerkrauts,* and the Italians *Macaronis.*"

Literary Forebodings

IS A MAN OF ARNOLD BENNETT'S STATURE likely to arise in England?

Fears to the contrary are disturbing his bereft contemporaries.

But that sturdy critic, Mr. James Agate, answers in the words of Lord Castlewood, "J'ever hear such nonsense?"

Of course, he takes no stock in such a dubious prospect, and he ends by taking less stock in Arnold Bennett's future reputation than most of the weeping brethren.

His optimism takes over this view:

"Giants pass *and are succeeded by other giants.*

"And as genius requires her breathing-spaces, or perhaps because nature has an orderly mind, so the gigantic procession, whether of individuals or clusters, has to be a seemly business with due allowance for intervals."

It only needs a survey of the past to bolster up our fainting hopes:

"Let us recall that with the death of Tom Robertson in 1871 the light of English playwriting must have seemed extinguished forever. Pinero, Jones, Wilde, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Barrie were boys at school, and tho this great galaxy of dramatic genius was getting ready to shine, there was not a star in the desolate sky, and nobody better than H. J. Byron, twinkled.

"The fault of the age is impatience, and the fault of modern criticism is its lack of perspective. When Fielding died in 1754, did silly little people start yapping silly little questions as to who would turn out to have won fame nine years later?

"They didn't, and the womb of Time was not ready with her answer. The world had fifty-eight years to wait before Charles Dickens was born.

"When Dickens died in 1870, did people ask who would be famous in 1880? No! Nor could they have guessed.

"On the day Dickens departed, Kipling was five years old, Wells, four, and Bennett two. The world had yet to wait a year for Hardy's first novel, and two years for Samuel Butler's 'Erewhon.'

"It is true that one great man had appeared, that is if it be greatness to touch the mind and not the heart. George Meredith had already written five novels, and 1870 was the year of 'Harry Richmond.'

"But Meredith was and is the novelist of the few, and only a fraction of that few foresaw his greatness."

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Mr. Agate, writing in the London *Daily Express*, makes his guess as to future giants, but before doing so he protests "against the condemnation of good, honest, second-rate work because it is not first-rate":

"Second- or even third-rate is immensely high in letters as in anything else when you remember the existence of the tenth, fifteenth, and twentieth rate.

"To blame Maugham for not having pity is like blaming Swift for lacking Wordsworth's healing power.

"'Compton Mackenzie is living in his past.' So did Trollope, which did not affect the quality of 'Barchester Towers.'

"I am not concerned to defend Mr. St. John Ervine from the charge that 'vigorous vulgarity' has yielded to the 'merely commonplace'; at least he has written 'Jane Clegg' and 'John Ferguson,' two plays which will live in the history of the English theater.

"Why be rude to Mr. Priestley, who has done better work than Arnold Bennett had done at the same age? Mr. Priestley's work has some of the characteristics common to English literary greatness; it is untidy, and there is a heart beating at the back of it. Give that pushing young man time!

"Now for my two guesses. The first is Mr. H. A. Manhood, who is under thirty, and whose first volume, 'Nightseed,' has been acclaimed a masterpiece by all competent and most incompetent readers.

"It occurs to me that one of the convincing signs of greatness is that a man should be deemed great both by the people who are possest of critical standards and by those who have none that matter.

"My second guess is Mr. John Collier, who is, I believe, round about twenty-four, and whose first novel, 'His Monkey Wife,' scintillates even in its commas. But Mr. Collier's bane, unless he be more than careful, is cleverness, and for that reason I will reduce the number of my guesses to one! Long live Manhood, and more power to his elbow!"

MR. AGATE quotes a recent utterance which he calls "a model of all that literary acumen should not be." It is this: "The stature of such men as Arnold Bennett will grow, not lessen, with the years." Then follows his comment:

"That is again only a half-truth, for if Bennett is the great man we think him, he must necessarily suffer that temporary eclipse which experience has shown attends all great writers.

"Sometimes the shadow lasts for ten years, sometimes for fifty. Now I dare swear that in 1940 nobody will be reading Bennett, and I predict 1970 as about the time of his re-emergence, and then on the strength of one book alone, 'The Old Wives' Tale.'

"By that book he will live forever; everything else, even 'Riceyman Steps,' will, I think, turn out to be merely the good that served its turn."

The Cover

MORE a realist than Rockwell Kent, the late Theodor Wedepohl gives us a view of Iceland that satisfies the preconceived notions of that distant Northern land.

A resident of New York from 1926, till his death on March 28, this painter had a large and varied career abroad. These facts are furnished us:

"Born in Westphalia, Germany, he studied at the Imperial Academy of Arts at Berlin, continuing his studies at Munich, Paris, and, later, Rome, where he was greatly influenced by the painters of the Renaissance.

"He achieved fame at the age of twenty-two, when he received the prize for painting at the Imperial Academy. There followed exhibitions at Berlin, the City Hall Palace at Munich, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Rome, and at the Salon Champs Elysées, Paris.

"Professor Wedepohl has painted two Emperors, many lesser royalty, famous statesmen, generals, scientists, artists, and financiers. He traveled widely in Europe, Asia, Egypt, and Iceland, intensively studying nature, his chief endeavor being the characterization of light and atmosphere.

"So successful was he that two of his landscapes were selected in competition with 8,000 others for the National Galleries of Berlin."

"Our Mary" and Her Mule

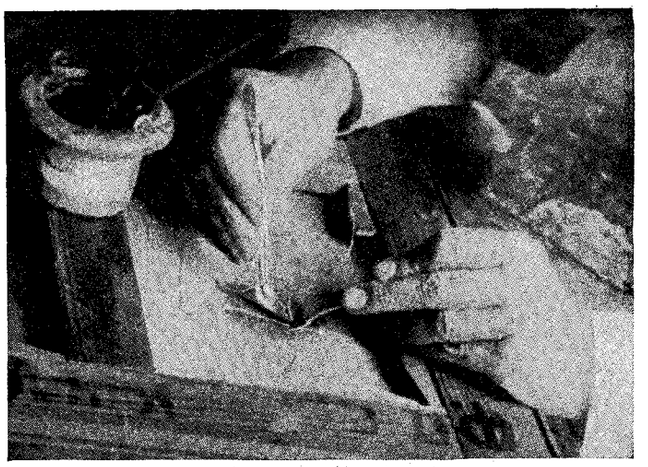
MARY GARDEN HAS ALWAYS BEEN front-page stuff. Now that her withdrawal from the Chicago Opera has been announced, she also becomes editorial page matter.

Not, however, with moanings of farewell. Miss Garden is never lacrimose, and her suggested "tour of Corsica on mule-back" as alternative to the stage is maybe just camouflage for some future schemes of her own.

Rumor speaks of an independent operatic venture in French, with a French company.

It was in French rôles that the sinuous form, the imperious head, sometimes blonde, the voice that often carried light cello notes, fascinated us in *Thais*, *Louise*, and *Melissande*.

The Baltimore *Sun* devotes a long editorial to an inquiry into the peculiar quality that is Mary Garden:



Repairing a Torn Canvas

By pasting on single threads.

"Mary Garden has at one time or another been praised as singer, adored as actress and valued as a public figure capable of statements and decisions that made her a page-one woman.

"One seriously doubts that as singer or actress she really is to be ranked with the immortals, and quite possibly even in general publicity and popular entertainment she has her peers. And yet unquestionably she holds a unique place among the divas!

"Many of them might have quit their companies and their cities and announced their intentions of touring Corsica on mules, and most of them, we imagine, would have won as much attention as she has won. But none would have created the same real consternation and feeling.

"There always has been something that marked off Mary Garden from the others.

"To call it personality would be perhaps only to take refuge behind a single vague word. Yet personality has, indeed, been the key to her immense and special success. And in her case one might very well say that personality was synonymous with intelligence.

"She has consistently known what few other prima donnas have ever even acknowledged to exist—her limitations. She has nearly always chosen her rôles with acute wisdom. And she has played those parts, whether on or off the operatic stage, with a perfect awareness of what she was doing and a true artistic understanding of how to do it.

"That is what has distinguished her against a background of greater voices and even more skyrocketing temperaments.

"Even persons who are not kindly disposed toward opera itself as an art have written that in her earlier days she seemed 'without reservation "the pinnacle of earthly glory."'

"And Margaret Anderson, once editor of the *Little Review*, wrote of Mary Garden that 'she made Galli-Curci and other prima donnas look like lost cloak models wandering about the stage,' that 'the challenge of Mary Garden's personality is one of the most thrilling human experiences I remember.'"

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Dangers of Birth Control

ANOTHER VOTE FOR ARTIFICIAL birth control—restricted, of course, to the marriage relation—comes from a special commission of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

But as a moral issue it is still undecided, and there is yet no formal approval of it from medical science. In fact, while it is acknowledged that some physicians favor it, a Roman Catholic journal assembles a large body of medical opinion to show that the use of contraceptives is physically dangerous and conducive to several serious diseases, and is also unreliable.

To turn to religious opinion for the moment, the Roman Catholic opposition is too well known to need repetition, while some of the Protestant journals approach the subject cautiously. It will be recalled that the Lambeth Conference and a commission of the Federal Council of Churches have exprest guarded approval of the use of contraceptives, but the New York *Christian Advocate* reminds us that birth control has not been a subject of Methodist legislation, tho here and there an Annual Conference may have declared in favor of it.

When the Methodist General Conference faces the problem, we are told, "opinion will be divided, not so much as to the basic morality of birth control, as to the dangers flowing from the general dissemination of information regarding the use of contraceptives. It will not be possible to sweep away the fear that such knowledge, however desirable and proper under certain circumstances, is also liable to perverse use to immoral ends."

Refusal of Parenthood

Says the Rev. Edward Roberts Moore, has not been indorsed by medical science, and is accompanied by many risks.

"Undoubtedly the question deserves earnest and reverent study," says the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, journal of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. "It needs to be approached with calmness and frankness. Whatever the Scriptures teach is mandatory, but there are many phases of the subject which can not be settled with a quotation from the Bible."

"Only indirectly are religious issues involved," thinks *The Baptist*. "Primarily they are social and economic, and the religious element must be determined not upon authority, not on any one's say-so, but upon the nature of the results for human welfare and fulness of life that would follow from the practises adopted."

OPPONENTS of birth control—both Roman Catholic and Protestant—maintains *The Churchman* (Episcopal), have envisaged the controversy as if liberal religious leaders were prosecuting an enthusiastic missionary campaign for the wider use of contraception, "as if they were hoping to save the race by the promiscuous advocacy of sexual gratification without the burden of children."

Yet, urges *The Churchman*, "nothing could be less fair to the guarded declarations of Lambeth and the Federal Council, which uphold the Christian ideal of self-control, but cautiously agree that there are exceptional conditions—human nature being what it is—when human health and happiness seem to demand that the Church should lift its age-long ban, and permit, even indorse, what once seemed to be a sin, and what, in many cases, is still a sin."

But "what has birth control to do with religion?" asks *The Christian Register* (Unitarian), which confesses itself "a bit weary of all the fury on the subject," because "it is fundamentally a hygienic and economic matter, as well as a matter of personal choice."

TURNING to the medical view-point of birth control, the Rev. Edward Roberts Moore informs us in *The Commonweal*, New York Roman Catholic weekly, in which he has been writing a series of articles on the subject, that the responsible medical societies, regional, national, or of special branches of medicine in this and other countries—have not indorsed movements to enact birth-control legislation, and that they have refused to do so in decisive terms.

Mr. Moore is chairman of the Committee on Population Decline and Related Problems of the National Conference of Catholic Charities.

Calling to witness the Federal Council's commission and several medical authorities that contraceptives are uncertain, he informs us that eleven members of the British National Birth Rate Commission testify that "medical evidence has been given that all unnatural modifications of marital association, and all artificial contraceptive methods by mechanical or chemical contrivances, if habitually employed by normally constituted individuals, are harmful."

SEVERAL European medical authorities are quoted as saying that the "strike against parenthood" involves fundamental risks to the health Dr. F. J. McCann, consulting surgeon to the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women, and President of the League of National Life, writes in *National Life* (London), we read, that "the injurious effects of different contraceptive methods are at last appearing in medical literature. . . . All known methods of contraception are harmful to the female."

Other medical authorities are quoted in similar vein. As to the dangers ascribed to abstinence, Dr. Moore points out that nature herself demands long periods of continence as a necessity.

"It is true," concedes Dr. Moore, "that no final medical judgment has been passed, but scores of competent witnesses make a strong case against it [birth control]." He concludes:

"World-renowned authorities have posited sterility as an almost certain consequence of contraception.

"A shocking number and variety of pelvic and other infections would seem to be intimately associated with the several preventive measures in common use

"Eminent neurologists and psychiatrists talk in terms of neuroses and psychoses as the result of the refusal of parenthood."

But, retorts *The Christian Leader* (Universalist), "doctors, ministers, editors, teachers, moralists—always are divided," and it continues:

"What we assert is that whatever harm there may lie in publishing information, or alleged information, infinitely greater harm results from suppressing it.

"There is no human right to the status of ignorance. If we moralists can not induce people to use knowledge wisely, considerately, unselfishly, so much the worse for us, but the way of knowledge must not be blocked."

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A Ministerial Strike Against War

IF AND WHEN THE WAR DRUMS BEAT AGAIN, more than 10,000 Protestant clergymen will not sanction war, and will refuse to fight.

That is, according to their present intention, as announced in answer to a questionnaire sent out by ten New York clergymen under the auspices of *The World Tomorrow*, edited by Kirby Page.

A total of 12,076, or 62 per cent. of the 19,372 who replied to the questionnaire, exprest the opinion that the churches of America should now go on record as refusing to sanction or support any future war. Those who would refuse to go to war total 10,427, or 54 per cent.

The other 8,945 clergymen are divided in groups of those willing to participate, 5,801; in doubt, 2,890; no answer, 254.

Eighty-three per cent. of the 19,372 clergymen are opposed to military training in schools; 66 per cent. believe the United States should enter the League of Nations; 80 per cent. favor a reduction in armaments, even if the United States were compelled to take the initiative and make a proportionately greater reduction than other nations are yet willing to do.

A total of 12,017, or 62 per cent., believe that the policy of armed intervention in other lands by the American Government to protect the lives and property of American citizens should be abandoned, and protective efforts confined to pacific means.

Thirty-four per cent. say they could not conscientiously serve as official Army chaplains on active duty in war time, and 37 per cent. do not regard the distinction between "defensive" and "aggressive" war as sufficiently valid to justify participation in a war of "defense."

Seminarians seem even more strongly opposed to war. A total of 870, or 79 per cent., of the 1,101 theological students who replied believe that the churches should refuse to sanction or support any future war, and 792, or 72 per cent., state that it is their present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as an armed combatant.

Only 301, or 27 per cent., say they could conscientiously serve as official Army chaplains on active duty in war time.

THE groups represented in the replies are Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Protestant Episcopal, Baptist, Disciples of Christ, Reformed, United Brethren, Evangelical Synod, Unitarian and Universalist, theological seminaries, and miscellaneous clergy.

Important religious bodies not included in the replies are the Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Southern Baptists, Southern Methodists, and Jews.

The questionnaire was sent out by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Congregationalist and former president of the Federal Council of Churches; Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Baptist; Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Dutch Reformed; Dr. W. Russell Bowie, Episcopalian; John Nevin Sayre, secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation; Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Methodist Episcopal; Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Evangelical; Kirby Page, editor of *The World Tomorrow*, and Dr. William P. Merrill, Presbyterian.

Now, as the Church generally admits, there was much praying to God on both sides during the last war, and Mr. Page says that allowance should be made for the fact that many who now say that they will not sanction or support war may change their minds if confronted with an actual crisis.

To which the Springfield *Union* adds the pious hope that they will not have the opportunity "to refuse their sanction or support of a defense of the American flag and our free institutions. We have no better stomach for war than these clergymen," continues *The Union;* "but we are a very long distance from an inclination to pledge ourselves to turn our backs on the American flag, if in some unhappy event it has to be carried forward in defense of itself and of all that it symbolizes."

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Kindling
—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

THE most depressing discovery in this survey to the Detroit *Free Press* is that 37 per cent. of the clergymen who replied think that the distinction between wars of aggression and wars of defense is not sufficiently valid to warrant participation, even in the latter. "This," observes *The Free Press*, "is turning the other cheek with a vengeance." But—

"They might change their mind, with a puissant enemy hammering at the gate. 'The Reformation habit' of submitting all moral issues to the adjudication of the Scriptures ought to be followed consistently or not at all. Christians, who have gone to the Old Testament for sanction to burn witches, to defend or denounce slavery, to abolish or uphold idolatry, and to justify or upbraid polygamy, will find in that same Testament abundant justification of defensive war."

AGREEING that war is an anachronism, a relic of barbarism, that ought to be done away with, the Los Angeles *Times* maintains that it is entirely untrue that danger of it has passed from the world, and that so long as that danger exists "it must be faced, and sensible people will face it."

Another friend of peace, the Montgomery *Advertiser*, would avoid making the cause "so ridiculous that the rational people of the country will instinctively rebel against all moderate proposals for strengthening that cause."

The best moral justification for opposing war unreservedly, thinks the Springfield *Republican*, is to be found in the opinion of General Allenby, who is quoted as saying: "The next war will mean the complete end of civilization as we know it."

"No one," says *The Republican*, "can be much blamed for refusing to sanction the complete end of our civilization, however deserving it may be of a gaseous and sulfurous doom."

Yet, if clergymen do support the next war, they may do so without hypocrisy, for the same paper reminds us that.

"General O'Ryan of New York, who was 'over there,' said not long ago, to some Ohio clergymen:

"'I shall enlist if another war comes, but I shall not try to reconcile it with Christian principles. I shall not pretend to take Christ with me into the war.'

"We may all, clergy and laity, salute General O'Ryan."

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How Canada Keeps Country Doctors

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY. The patients have all the attention they need. The doctors are paid $4,000 a year, which, in many cases, is more than they made before.

And, having made this pleasant record, the Saskatchewan and Manitoba plan for keeping country doctors in the country by providing adequate support for them, seems likely to spread, according to an account by W. W. Jermane in the Seattle *Times*.

Since America is said to face a shortage of rural physicians, just as these two Canadian provinces did, Mr. Jermane believes that an explanation of the Saskatchewan-Manitoba system may be interesting. The story he tells is contained in "the recent statement by Dr. C. Rufus Rorem of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. The new system is built on the payment of rural physicians out of public funds." The details of the system Mr. Jermane lists thus:

"Thirty-two rural communities of Saskatchewan have solved the problem. Twenty-one physicians are employed full time by twenty of the thirty-two interested communities; the other twelve communities, or 'rural municipalities'—the name given in Saskatchewan to an area roughly corresponding to the county in the United States—use the part-time services of seventeen physicians. In addition, three physicians are employed on a full-time basis by three of these 'municipalities' in Manitoba.

"The system was first established at Sarnia, seventy-five miles northeast of Regina, in 1921.

"Its success led other communities to imitate it.

"Dr. Rorem says that Saskatchewan 'has for some years taken the lead in Canada in the matter of sanitation, immunization against contagious diseases, and has recently inaugurated a system by which all residents of the province requiring hospitalization for tuberculosis may receive both institutional and medical care at no direct cost to themselves.'

"Municipal physicians, Dr. Rorem discovered as the result of his field survey, are usually hired when communities find that their existing medical services are inadequate or too costly, or when physicians who previously served them die or move away. In several instances local physicians placed before the communities the alternative of employing them on an annual salary, or having them go to better fields."

IN one community, "two private practitioners complained that they were unable to make a living, while many residents protested that the charges for medical services were more than they could afford to pay," says the writer, coming to cases:

"A municipal physician was hired and now covers the entire field formerly served by two physicians in private practise.

"Another community hired a municipal physician after the death of an old-time family doctor who had served it twenty-five years. The successful applicant for the place was selected from a group of thirty applicants.

"Still another municipality adopted the new system on the recommendation of its leading physicians. Forty-two applicants presented themselves, and the position was finally given to the physician who had suggested that a change be made.

"In another case, a physician who had been engaged in private practise in Saskatchewan for eighteen years announced his intention to leave because of inability to make a living. He was hired on a salary and remained.

"In some instances, the municipal physician serves only the rural population; in other instances he attends to the illnesses of townspeople as well. Sometimes a part of his salary is paid by the rural municipality, and a part by one or more towns or villages which he also serves.

"These municipal physicians keep regular office hours, and make calls on patients who can not go to them. In order to discourage rural patients who summon them for trivial causes, they are permitted at times to charge fees for 'first calls,' or to collect mileage for country visits. Small fees also are charged for minor operations.

"Major surgery is seldom undertaken.

"Dental services are not included, save of the simplest kinds; drugs, when furnished by the physicians, are paid for by the patients.

"Usually, the municipal physician also serves as medical health officer for his community. Dr. Rorem found that immunizations for scarlet-fever, smallpox, typhoid fever, and diphtheria 'have materially increased since the municipal physician system was put into effect.'

"Money to pay for this medical service is usually raised by taxes on real estate. In the rural areas, where the average farm includes about 400 acres, the municipal physician costs between $12 and $16 a year for the family of each farmer.

"Several physicians declare that 'freedom from the financial worries incident to private practise has improved the quality of their professional services.'

"No rural municipality which has adopted the municipal doctor system has gone back to the basis of private practise, altho the question of repeal has been voted upon several times. The employment of a municipal doctor in one community often has led neighboring communities to follow suit. Five communities hired full-time doctors, and two hired part-time doctors between July 1, 1929, and July 1, 1930."

The Last Word

By E. Guy Talbott

DEATH, I will have the last word
In our argument.
Thou hast not heard
The still, small voice
From heaven sent
That makes my heart rejoice.

When thou shalt chant a requiem
Over my grave,
I will be brave
And sing an exultant hymn.
When my body lies under the sod
And your last word is said,
I will say: "I live with God;
Only my body is dead.
The husk alone is thine;
The kernel is divine."

—*The Churchman, New York.*

An Apology to the Future

WE BLAME MANY OF OUR ILLS on our ancestors, but now comes an apology to the future for our own shortcomings in dealing with our social problems.

It goes, with other memorabilia, into the corner-stone of the new Women's House of Detention now under construction in New York.

Attached to a small piece of iron bar taken from the old Jefferson Market Prison, on the site of which the new institution is located, *The Survey* (New York) informs us, is this message, indicted on parchment, to "Those Who Come After Us":

"This piece of iron bar is the most significant of all the articles in this box.

"It is the symbol of an age which has gone. An age which in its treatment of offenders against the law laid its greatest dependence upon iron and steel and locks and keys and bolts.

"We of this age are beginning to realize that it is upon a foundation of intelligent understanding of the offender that we must build if we are to find a solution of the criminal problem.

"We think we are on the right track. Perhaps you of the future will laugh at our effort in the light of new discoveries yet to come.

"If so, we hope that your laughter will be leavened with sympathy by the thought that we did the best we knew how."

The institution was described by Mayor Walker as "the most humane building ever erected in the city." As *The Survey* notes, "the multitudinous windows covering its great façade are guarded with artistic iron grille work. Only the very sharp-eyed outsider looking in sees the stout interior bars that guard the delicate tracery. The insider looking out sees them both."

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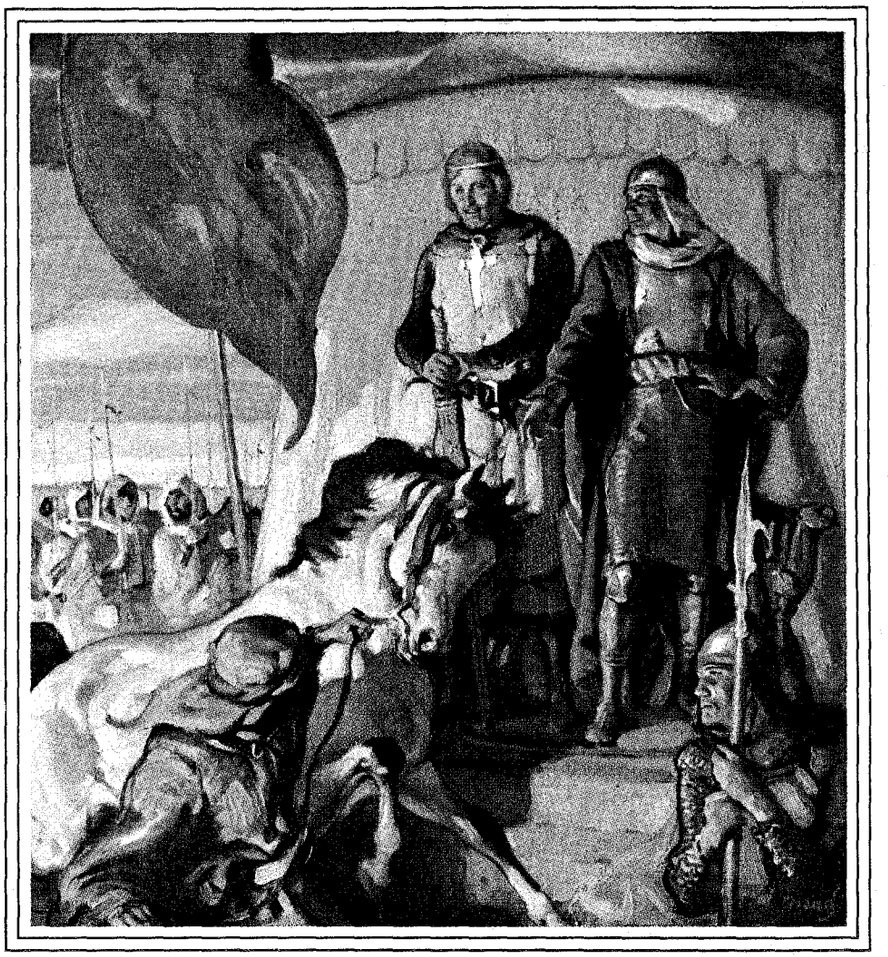
For a discriminating clientele



Richard Coeur de Lion, during the Crusaders' truce with Sultan Saladin, marveled at the blooded, snow-white Arabian steeds of the Saracens—directly descended from the original five mares of Salaman of the Anzah. The Anzah, dating back to antiquity as the wealthiest and most powerful of the Bedouin tribes, bred the purest and most prized Arabian horses for themselves and for the royalty and nobility of all the land

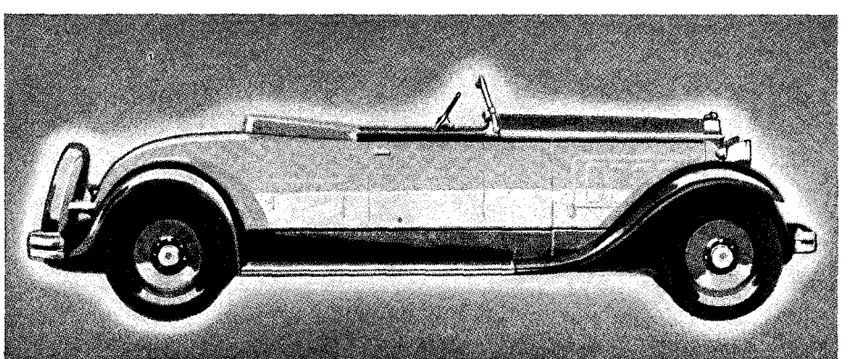
* * *

PASSING fads or fancies have never found a place in Packard design. Packard engineers and designers recognize their responsibility to Packard owners. It is a twofold responsibility.

For Packard cars may embody nothing untried and unproven—nothing which can adversely affect smooth, luxurious, *safe* operation in the hands of owners. And, also, Packard cars may not emphasize "features" likely to be in favor today and obsolete tomorrow—features which might detract from the owner's enjoyment and increase his depreciation cost over a long period of time. At the Packard proving ground every new development is tried, tested, minutely studied. Only when its value to Packard owners is *proved*, is it adopted.

Packard's clientele appreciates this policy. In 1930, for the sixth consecutive year Packard led the entire fine car field in the delivery of new cars to owners. More motorists each year are learning the secret of Packard ownership—which is that the distinction and luxury of Packard transportation actually *cost no more.*

Any Packard man can give you the facts to prove that a Packard costs no more to operate and maintain than any other car of like size and power—and that depreciation is no greater when you keep the Packard longer. If you *are* paying for a Packard, then why not *own* one?



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

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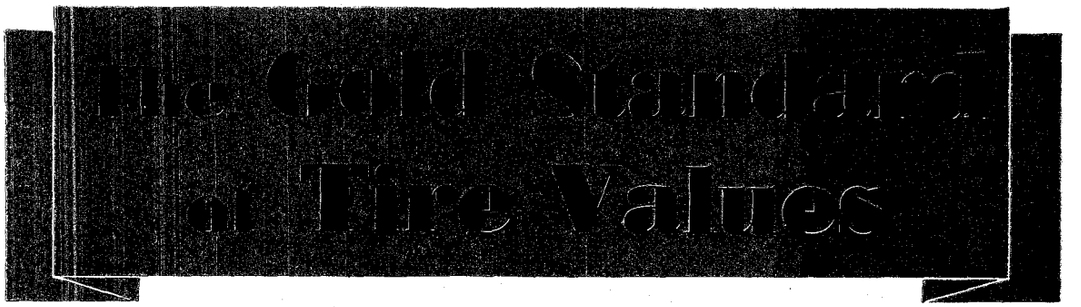
BY *EVERY* PERFORMANCE



In this newest

Firestone High Speed Heavy Duty

You Get

26% Greater Protection against Blowouts

58% Longer Flexing Life in Every Cord

56% Stronger Union between Tread and Cord Body

25% Longer Non-Skid Wear

which Gives You 25 to 40% Longer Tire Life

HOW, you may ask, *can* such remarkable improvements be possible in this NEW Firestone High Speed Heavy Duty Tire? Here's why:

—Every strong strand in every cord is thoroughly insulated with pure liquid rubber by the Patented "Gum-Dipping" Process. This prevents the strands from rubbing together and reduces internal friction heat—the greatest enemy of tire life.

—The Patented Double Cord Breaker—two EXTRA protective plies under the tread—gives you 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts.

—Huskier, tougher rubber—actually *more* rubber—in the non-skid tread gives added traction and protection against skidding, 25% longer life before the tread wears smooth.

You get these EXTRA VALUES all at NO extra cost because of our economies in buying, manufacturing and distributing. See the Firestone Service-giving Dealer in your community today. Trade in your old tires and get a generous allowance on NEW Firestone High Speed Heavy Duty Tires. Equip your car and your family with this *extra* safety right now. *Never were prices lower.*

Firestone

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La Salle's companionship to Cadillac is nowhere more obvious than in the LaSalle Roadster. In its conception of the open-car spirit, no less than in its performance, this distinguished model is expressive of everything for which the name Cadillac has come to be recognized. LaSalle prices range from $2195. f. o. b. Detroit. G.M.A.C. terms available on all body styles.

The men and women who are driving today's Cadillacs and La Salles, almost without exception, would be dissatisfied if they were induced to change to any other make of automobile. Whether it be their marvelous performance, the incomparable quietness of their bodies and chassis, or simply that feeling of satisfaction which always goes hand-in-hand with Cadillac-La Salle ownership—there is something about these distinguished cars which consistently refuses to be replaced.

LA SALLE V-8

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE good housekeeper is the enemy of sentiment. The unconsidered trifle may be more precious than gold. *The American Poetry Magazine* (Milwaukee) has this:

TREASURE

By Power Dalton

Have a care, Phoebe,
How you swish and sweep—
I have one treasure
I mean to keep:

Only crumpled petals. . . .
How you stand and look,
Have you not seen such
Laid in a book?

(A gold lacquered casket
Would last long years,
Could it hold crushed breath,
Moon death and tears?)

Let none preen unduly
If I build a shelf,
I am hoarding only
Part of myself—

Perhaps part of someone
Who knows roses crush. . . .
Swish and sweep, Phoebe,
Hush, lips, hush.

IN *Poetry* (Chicago) is a commentary on the alien white man in the Indian's own country. It is part of a longer poem named:

SEAS AND SINGING COUNTRY

ACROSS THE SOUTHWEST BY BUS

By Robert L. Roe

* * * * * *

These are the Indian lands, ascetic and chaste and barren,
Waiting for the corn chant and the rain-bringer's song
And the healthy and vital dances—grotesque, aphrodisiac, phallic—
to become fecund.
You cannot successfully worship this crude god of the Indian lands
With turbine pumps and mechanical motions
He asks more . . .
Meanwhile sits with his hands clasped while the Indian
molds red clay pots,
weaves blankets and baskets,
pounds silver.

Now the galloping bucks on the long-tailed ponies gather only
For rabbit-drives, pursuing the jack with his rubbery leaps
To a circle of slaughter on the upland by Taos. . . .
The fat squaws squat in silence under the arcades of Phoenix,
Sucking their gums and looking with contemplative sad eyes
On the disinherited lands of the Salt River Valley,
Now rich with false wealth imported from afar
With the multitudinous blow of the cotton bolls
settled like snow
on the purple and dry
brown stalks. . . .

The orange groves blow their waxen petals
Into the dark swift water of the city-girdling canal
And their heavy fragrance into the alkali desert.
It all means nothing
in the end. . . .

This is still Indian country, cragged and jagged and red and mighty.
It was never good for anything but to grow a little corn,
Enough to keep an Indian happy—Apache, Navajo, Yavapai, Hopi.
It will never get into your heart or your blood, White Man.
It will never nourish you with its silence of great mountains
Sitting all around, immutable, stern, aboriginal, crude,
knowing they will conquer,
will last. . . .

You can conquer the Amerind but you cannot conquer the land.
It belongs to him.
It fights for him.
It's all his.
He knows it.
Indian country—
sinewy Indian fingers
clasp in a deathgrip
nothing can loosen.

Poetry (Chicago) brings to notice two of Miss Wurdemann's nature poems, which show how keen an observer she is:

SPRING SONG

By Audrey Wurdemann

The sweet wild dogwood wears its flowers
Through silent shadow-patterned hours,
And ivory cream-cups make a star
Where robin and wake-robin are.
The judas-trees let crimson drip
From each spire-pointed finger-tip,
And bishop's croziers unfold
To dust the ginger-root with gold.
Then, gathering all her loveliness,
Spring goes, and leaves us no address.

FEATHERED FLUTE

By Audrey Wurdemann

What is this but a lilting whistle
Made out of swan's-down, made out of thistle?
What is this but a feathered flute,
Small and quick and shrewd as a newt?
Hark, there's another, and yet a third—
Surely it's not a visible bird!
They are threading the spruces, invading the cedars,
Tip-tilting, balancing, following leaders,
Then they go suddenly, each a grey feather
Riding the wind in the winter weather.

THE world is too much with us! And many are those like this one in *The North American Review*, seeking escape:

IN THESE PLACES

By Anne Zuker

There is a place of white sands
Faintly ridged by the drift of winds.
There we may watch
The timeless undulation of waves,
Ceaseless and more enduring
Than our own heart beats.
There is a little hollow in the hills,
The brown hills
Patched with yellow mustard,
With love-in-a-mist and blue sage:
There, bedded in wild barley,
We may listen
To the soft blethering of the wind
As the cloud flocks pass over us.
We are steeped in the sun and the wind.

There is a forest of silver firs
Whose branches rise in whorls to form
A green and dripping umbrella
To shelter us from summer rain.
The fragrance of firs
And the dripping of the rain!

The slow movement of earth
Tides through our bodies,
In these places we may find escape.

IN *The Empire Review* (London) an expatriate complains of the Indian jungle and its effect on the mind:

THE LONELY PLACES

By A. R. U.

They steal my wits away,
These lonely places; . . .
The jungles grimly gay
Where purple orchids sway,
The open spaces
Where winds wail night and day;

The roads that twist and wind
Between the mountains
Snow-jewelled and solemn-pined,
That lead me on to find
The crimson fountains
The sunset plays behind;

The valleys which are loud
With laughing water,
Where scrambling wild flowers crowd,
And Shadow trails her cloud,
As the sun taught her,
Past willows sadly bowed;

Those moon-flushed tropic hours
With star-light drooping
Down to the lotus flowers
Through feathery bamboo showers,
With palm trees trooping
Back where the jungle cowers;

And if you bid me stay
Those other faces
Will lure when breaks the day;
Listen! you'll hear them say
"The lonely places
Have charmed his wits away."

HERE is something in *The Commonweal* (New York) to appeal to mothers, without reference to religious choice:

PLOURADOU, THE BABIES' SAINT

By Anna Bird Stewart

Down near the Pyrenees
In times gone by
Babies and children
Were not known to cry.
South in Bearn then dwelt—
Type of modernity—
A saintly specialist
For all eternity.

A humble saint, obscure,
His shrines are few,
His life is hard to learn,
Saint Plouradou.
He is the friendly saint
Mothers invoke
He keeps from crying
All little folk.

Babies should quickly learn
His litany:

"From sticking safety-pins
May we be free.
Pray our deliverance
From hunger's ache.
Colic and snuffles
Far from us take.
From older relatives
Who would chastise;
Stubborn ear-washing,
And soap in our eyes;
And from the living dark,
The *loup garou*,
Keep us and pray for us,
Saint Plouradou.
Soothe thou the tender gums
Which cause our fuss,
So teeth cut easily,
O pray for us."

Sh—naughty baby, who
Bade you to weep?
Help! Help! Saint Plouradou,
Bless him with sleep.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A Little King Looks at Democracy

THE "BROTHER OF THE MOON," the "Half-Brother of the Sun," plans to say it with votes.

The "Possessor of the Four and Twenty Golden Umbrellas" (to mention only a few of the glittering titles belonging to one of the rare remaining absolute monarchs in a world of republics) is a very modern young man.

He wears with equal grace such dissimilar vestments as his gorgeous traditional robes of State, and Donegal tweed accompanied with a smart knitted vest and nifty beige shirt and tie.

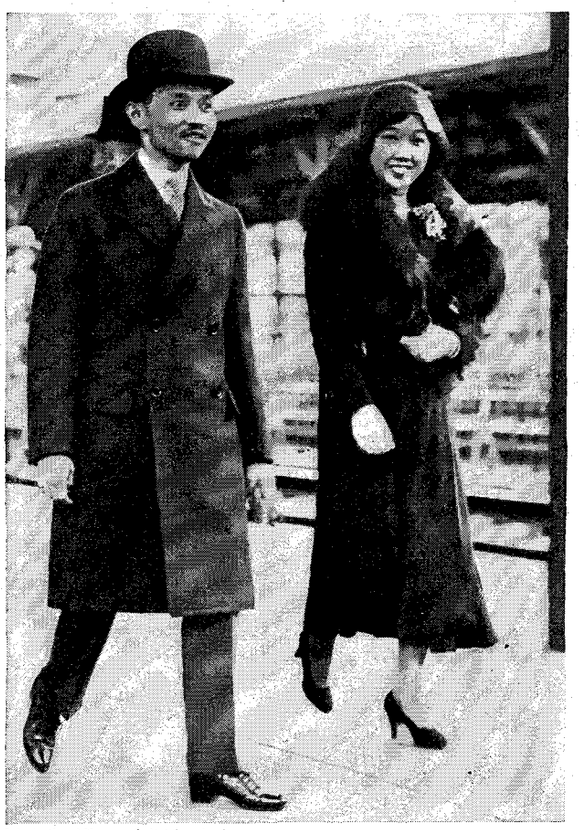
And his Consort, the "Glorious Lady of God," is equally charming, we are assured, in an ensemble of dark brown silk, with wide sleeves and short jacket, such as might be purchased in the shops of the smart couturiers.

But the modernism of the Brother of the Moon and the Glorious Lady (Their Majesties, King Prajadhipok and Queen Rambai Barni of Siam the subject of a "Personal Glimpse," on March 28) is more than clothes deep. It involves more than a taste for movies, proper respect for our athletic heroes, and the substitution, on the King's part, of a single wife for a large harem.

The King is absolute ruler, with power of life and death, over the 11,500,000 people of his kingdom.

Few kings would care to relinquish such power as this.

But King Prajadhipok is planning a voluntary bestowal of the franchise (limited at first but ever increasing) upon his people. While he is here in America, chiefly for an eye operation, he desires to watch at close hand the practical workings of democracy, with a view to adapting it, eventually, to Siamese conditions.



International Newsreel photograph

Siamese Royalty Has Learned to Hustle

The King and Queen are at the Port Chester, New York, railway station, about to hop a train for Washington.

HIS Majesty paused in the midst of consultations with his physicians, business affairs, and preparations for a State visit to President Hoover to tell newspaper representatives how he plans to give self-government to the Siamese. The interview took place at Purchase, New York, at Ophir Hall, the home of the late Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. Reid, widow of the former American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, turned her estate over to the Government for the use of their Siamese Majesties. Her sudden death, near Nice, occurred soon after the arrival of the Oriental potentate and his party.

The passing of the mistress of the manor cast an air of sadness about Ophir Hall, and intensified the sorrow of the visiting Siamese over the death in Paris, just before, of Prince Chandaburi, half-brother of the King.

King Prajadhipok, according to Harold N. Denny in the New York *Times*, "revealed himself as a classical example of the 'benevolent despot,' ruling his people wisely as a father rules his children, believing that the highest aim of government is the happiness of the greatest number, repudiating the concept of the divine right of kings and the word 'subjects' as applied to his people." Further:

The King also took occasion in the interview to make an announcement of extraordinary importance to the future of his realm.

He, almost the last of the rulers in the ancient tradition, is planning voluntarily to restrict his authority, by degrees, through the granting of suffrage to his people, with the ultimate object of establishing representative government in Siam when the people are trained to it. This will be brought about first by allowing the people to vote on municipal officials.

One of the objects of the King's present journey in America, it developed, is to see how democracy functions.

"I am most interested in the working of the franchise," he said. "I want to see whether voting really expresses the will of the majority. I want to learn about the form of voting and how your political campaigns are conducted, and so on. These things interest me a great deal."

The King met the press representatives in the vast sitting-room of Ophir Hall, magnificent with tapestries and paintings.

Two young boys of the Siamese party were playing in the billiard-room down the corridor. Queen Rambai Barni, in warm, soft brown, sat at one side with her mother, Princess Svasti.

THE King, a very picture, as indicated above, of what the well-drest man will wear, motioned, when introductions were finished:

"Shall we go into my study?" he asked.

He led the way into a small library opening off the sitting-room, motioned the interviewers to seats and sat down, with knees comfortably crossed, alongside a huge fireplace of carved wood.

Then he suggested that the affair be entirely informal, and the conversation began.

It became evident immediately that the scope of the King's interests and knowledge is extraordinary, for the conversation roamed from the philosophy of government to the King's desire to see Babe Ruth knock out home runs; from Charlie Chaplin's genius to religious freedom in Siam.

The King was intensely alert. He batted back his answers to the questions as if he enjoyed it thoroughly, and smiled and laughed repeatedly.

There was humor besides what the interview itself afforded. The conversation was interrupted by a wrong-number telephone call. Hardly had the conversation begun when the phone at the King's elbow began to ring insistently. Mr. Hayes picked up the receiver and answered.

"Is this the garage?" demanded a harsh voice at the other end.

"No," said Mr. Hayes. "This is His Majesty's study."

The King joined in the smile.

NEXT, according to Ishbel Ross in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "King Prajadhipok spoke of the privileges of the Siamese women, saying that they took to Western ideals even more avidly than men, particularly where clothes were concerned." Also, according to this account of the King's talk:

"They are very fond of Western styles, wearing them almost exclusively, and they do their hair in the European manner."

"Bobbed?" it was suggested.

"Yes, and it makes them look very pretty," he said. "Of course, the women of Siam are very free. They are not locked

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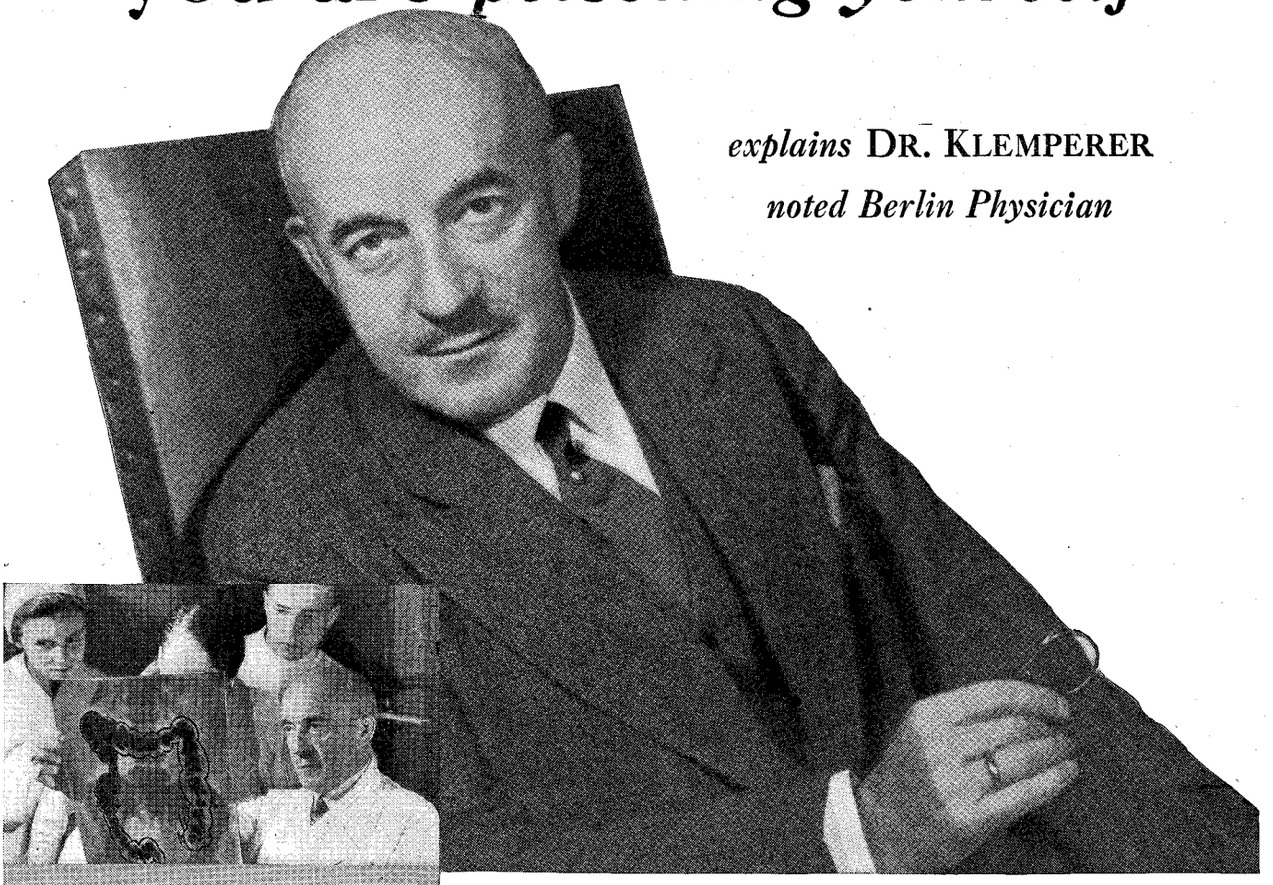
Those HEADACHES may mean you are *poisoning yourself*



explains DR. KLEMPERER
noted Berlin Physician

X-RAY SHOWS typical clogged condition of the intestines. Resulting poisons spread through the body . . . cause headaches, indigestion, skin troubles, etc. Fresh yeast corrects this condition, states Dr. Klemperer.

He *tells you how to correct that* Sluggish Condition *of the* Intestines *that causes so much ill health*

YOU KNOW IT WELL ENOUGH . . . that hot, splitting head means a badly deranged condition somewhere in your system.

Usually, doctors say, the trouble is a very common one. *Poisons are spreading through your body from an unclean intestinal tract!*

Here is how Dr. Felix Klemperer, head of the famous City Hospital, in Berlin, explains it:—

"When the organism is not properly nourished, a state of auto-intoxication develops, which manifests itself in intestinal disorders, headaches . . . skin eruptions, etc.

"Fresh yeast combats intestinal disorders," Dr. Klemperer states, ". . . by stimulating peristalsis (muscular action) of the intestines. It is a food-remedy of the highest order."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast literally "tones up" your whole intestinal tract . . . softens the clogging wastes . . . keeps your system internally *clean*.

Thus, poisons are cleared away. Energy revives. The cause of most headaches is removed!

Why not start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today? Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N.Y.C.

• • •

DR. ADOLF BICKEL, authority of the University of Berlin, declares: "Fresh yeast is the ideal corrective for constipation. It combats the self-poisoning that leads to headaches, nervousness, skin eruptions, etc."

Had suffered from sick headaches for years

Mrs. Edna DuVall (left) *writes from Toronto:* "From my early days I had suffered from bilious headaches and was forever taking laxatives . . . Later I decided to try yeast. It corrected my intestinal troubles and I am minus my headaches now."

EAT THREE CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes every day!

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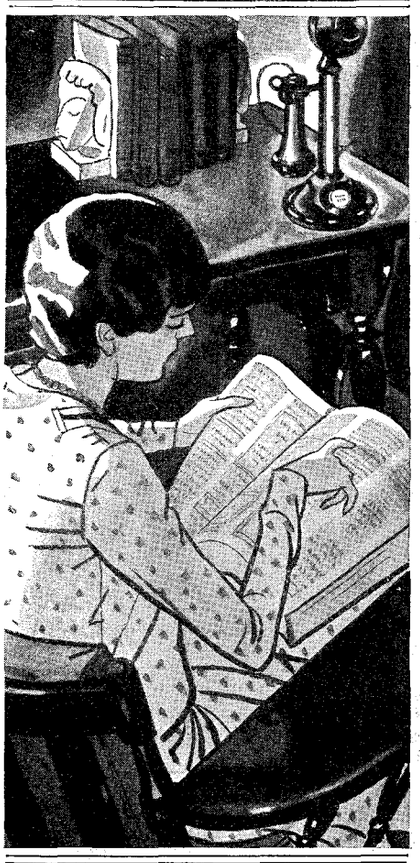
It tells who sells



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In addition to its regular duties, the Classified Telephone Directory will now guide you to dealers that handle certain nationally advertised products that you use. These brands are either indexed by trade names or by types of products. The next time you're in a hurry to find a dealer, try the Classified Telephone Directory first!

The Where to Buy It Classified Telephone Directory is ready to save your time and your temper. Use it often.

WHERE TO BUY IT

up, but go about and do most of the things that men do. They are studying in the law schools and the medical schools."

King Prajadhipok spoke of his own tastes and hobbies, saying that his favorite sports were golf and tennis, altho he has played little tennis recently because of his eyesight. He enjoys flying, but has not learned to pilot a plane, and doubts if he will.

"I hope later on to go to the theaters and see some sports. I should like to see a baseball game and Babe Ruth. When I was here seven years ago, I saw one baseball game, but I'm afraid I didn't understand it very well. I really prefer football."

The Siamese are fond of moving-pictures and are just beginning to learn about the "talkies," the King declared. So far, they have found considerable enjoyment in the silent films, and particularly in the comedies.

"They like amusing things," he said. "I was delighted with Charlie Chaplin's 'City Lights.' He is a great favorite in Siam. Personally, I am very much interested in moving-pictures."

King Prajadhipok walked from his study back to the reception room with his interviewers, where they were presented to Queen Rambai Barni and Princess Svasti. Her Majesty chatted about the weather, and said that she was enjoying herself very much in America. She wore a dark brown silk ensemble, with a short jacket and wide sleeves. Her hair is luxuriant, and is not bobbed, but is coiled at the nape of her neck.

DEMOCRATIC ideas are nothing new to the King, whose background includes both English and French schools and a period spent with the begging bowl of a Buddhist monk. In addition to being a monarch, he is a newspaper owner—proprietor of the well-known English-language newspaper, the Bangkok *Daily Mail*. Andrew Freeman, an American newspaper man, who was once editor of this journal, reveals in *Asia* how the King, soon after he took the throne, established a privy council, which was intended to give public leaders experience in debate against the day when there would be a Siamese Parliament. Having established this training school, the King, naturally, wanted to see how it was functioning. In another article, in *The New Yorker*, Mr. Freeman describes the King trying to hide in an anteroom to eavesdrop. But, alas, patriotism played hob with the royal plans. Thus:

He would undoubtedly have succeeded had he not been spied crossing the courtyard by the royal bandmaster, who immediately signaled the musicians to swing into the national anthem. The Privy Council, hearing the anthem, realized that the King was eavesdropping and remained circumspect in their discussion. Later on, the bandmaster got a bawling-out from the King's aide, but the King himself defended the man. Thought it was just a funny incident.

Prajadhipok, according to Mr. Freeman's account in *Asia*, has an engaging smile, a twinkling eye, a "warm, frank handclasp," and "a charming manner of putting one at one's ease." Reading on in this lively sketch of the King and Queen at home, we are told:

His handsome yellow English motor-car attracts no more attention on the streets of Bangkok than an airplane doing stunts over Wall Street.

He and the Queen have often gone shopping without causing the slightest tie-up of traffic.

I once saw them in the largest Bangkok department store, buying mechanical toys for children of the palace, while only a handful of people stopt to stare. The police did not order other customers to leave the store. Their Majesties made their way from department to department, rubbing shoulders with salespeople and shoppers.

Once, while inspecting the work of the Siamese Red Cross, the King and Queen came to a booth where a nurse was guessing weights. When the King stept up, the weight expert guessed one hundred pounds.

Smiling, he mounted the scales, which registered ninety-eight. He complimented her on her ability to come so close to the royal weight, and stept aside for the Queen, who tipped the beam at one hundred and fifteen.

Both Their Majesties acted like children at a fair and moved from exhibit to exhibit, laughing and joking with those in charge.

Dusit Palace, the official residence of the King while he is in Bangkok, is situated on the outskirts of the city in the center of large, beautiful landscape gardens. Surrounding the royal compound are spiked fences and brick walls, with gates guarded by soldiers of the Royal Guard, looking like brown Napoleons in their three-cornered hats.

The palace is decorated and furnished in Western style with all the modern conveniences of the Occident, including numerous telephones, automatic refrigerators, and a cooling plant.

Here King Prajadhipok is found *en famille*. He delights to lounge in cool, voluminous Chinese trousers instead of the panung.

When he is not occupied with duties of State, he plays with the children of the palace. Like most Siamese of the higher class he does not go to bed until well past midnight, and he rises some time between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. In charge of the King's household, which includes a half-dozen large palaces in the capital, one at Hua Hin and another at Bang-pa-in, is a special minister of State, who has at his command a huge staff.

Altho for many years he has been under Western influence, His Majesty has not lost interest in Siamese curries and native dishes.

His breakfast, luncheon and dinner, when no foreign dignitaries are present, consist entirely of Siamese food. European epicures, however, who have had the privilege of dining at the royal table, have never failed to comment on the excellence of the Occidental food served there, and declare that the wines are of the very finest vintage.

THE Queen, Mr. Freeman continues, "has great personal charm and a smile that has saved many situations. She is devoted to her royal husband, and is by his side at nearly every public appearance." Furthermore:

The Queen, who is as independent and free as an American schoolgirl, is an excellent swimmer, a good tennis player, and an expert canoeist. When Their Majesties are in residence at Bang-pa-in, their summer palace, about twenty miles up the river from Bangkok, Her Majesty delights in paddling a canoe alone.

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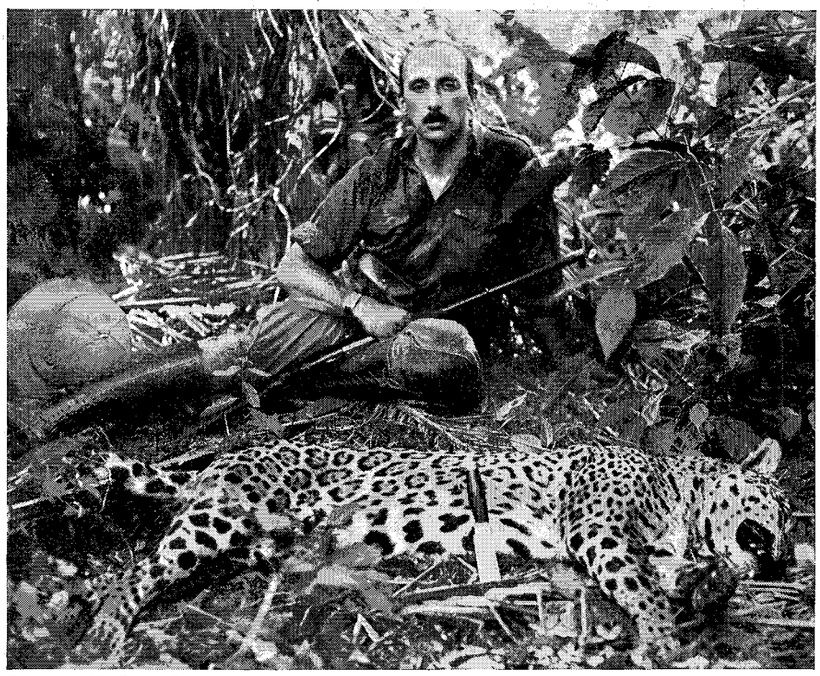
The Million Horrors of "Green Hell"

"THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING near that pool," hissed Bee-Mason, the hair-trigger cameraman of a nonchalant little expedition through the Bolivian jungle.

It was an official expedition, but its three original members were such novices at exploration that they didn't even take a compass along.

The leader, who had never roughed it in his life, was Señor Mamerto Urriolagoitia, Consul-General for Bolivia in London. He is pictured on this page with a once bloodthirsty victim of his rifle. To his fellow adventurers he was "Urrio," and we may see more of him.



By courtesy of the Century Company

One Jungle Killer Will Kill No More

The hunter is the "Urrio" of "Green Hell"—more formally Señor Mamerto Urriolagoitia, Consul-General for Bolivia in London.

The excited cameraman's companion at the moment was Julian Duguid, amateur explorer, author, or what next. Following Bee-Mason's gesture, he saw a peculiar movement in the grass. "It seemed to be happening over a large number of feet at the same moment."

In his book, "Green Hell" (Century Company), Duguid describes the movement as slow and unhurriedly regular. It "swayed the green stems with a gliding, undulatory movement," he says, "and approached us steadily."

Duguid, whose ignorance of tropical jungles would have filled a flock of Carnegie libraries, conjectured aloud that the unseen undulator was a water-snake.

INSTANTLY Bee-Mason became a busy Bee, we gather, for "his eyes shone with the glory of a fanatic, his face twitched, and a man who lived for his art stood transfigured before me."

Crying, "My camera! Keep the brute in play until I return," he fled, "splashing like a deer through the marsh land."

Duguid thus found himself alone with an invisible something, which he estimated as "a probably hostile water-snake," and "a few dim memories of books of travel." He had heard that a constrictor "needs an anchor for its tail before it can contort its huge muscles round the body of its victim." He also knew that "if one stands with arms akimbo while the reptile is crawling to its grip, a sudden drop of the arms and a quick jump back will disengage the coils."

Still, he admits that he was "not eager," and goes on to explain:

It was pure fear that kept me in that swamp. Bee-Mason is a roaring monomaniac on the question of his camera, and will go to inhuman lengths to get just that look of agony which appeals so greatly to audiences. I was considerably more afraid of the biting contempt that would transfigure his priestlike features in the event of my failure than I was of any water-snake, so I cleared myself for action by loosening my hunting-knife in its sheath.

Meanwhile, the anaconda had advanced to within twenty yards of me. Keeping its spade-shaped head an inch or so above the ground, it shuffled its curves through the grass in a bored and supercilious manner. From the extreme grace and lack of self-consciousness with which it drew its fifteen feet of spotted, brownish-green elegance toward me, I should think it had never seen a human.

With a last jerk of my belt I looked back to see how Bee-Mason was faring. He was behaving like a gallant old Conquistador under the heat of that implacable sun, for he staggered and stumbled and tript as he ran with the camera and tripod over his shoulder. With a last pathetic glance at him, I stept up to the snake and caught it by the back of the neck.

In the wink of an eye its air of boredom vanished, its jaws snapt open and I had a quick glimpse of white teeth.

The small, dark eyes went black with fear and fury, and it lasht like a whip with its tail.

Even at the time I was quite convinced that the creature meant me no harm.

It was in no need of a meal, and would have been perfectly content to pass me by, but for all that it had no intention of submitting to treatment of this ungracious kind. Stubbornly it fought for its liberty.

It is a curious sensation to feel a constrictor wrestling for freedom in one's arms.

Muscles appear from nowhere and play beneath the skin, rising into knots and dissolving into jelly at the command of the small brain within the spade-shaped head. Moreover, these muscles appear to be entirely divorced from every other portion of the body.

My feet were planted wide apart, and my hands were grasping the anaconda with what in any other animal would have been a half-Nelson.

My left hand held the neck, and my right, after passing under the throat, attached itself to the left wrist. In this way I was able to regulate the passage of air.

UNFORTUNATELY, a constrictor, usually a sluggish creature, is at its most active when short of wind, explains Duguid, adding that his captive "strained and leapt beneath the pressure, and I could feel, rather than see, the blind frenzy of the tail, which was searching for a tree-trunk behind me." On that score, however, he was safe, for he "had taken peculiar pains that the affair should take place in the open."

After a period of silent struggle, the narrative goes on:

I heard a noise of panting and looked up. Bee-Mason, crimson with exercise, was straddling the camera over a small spit of dry ground.

His hat was tilted over his neck, his peeling nose added a touch of the grotesque, which the spotted neckerchief did little to dispel.

He was blowing so hard that the professional part of the business was shaky beyond belief. He peered at his lens, wiped it with a rag, produced a tape measure and strode over to me.

"Eight feet," he gasped, "must get it exact."

"You won't get anything," I retorted, "unless you hurry. I can give you just two minutes before my arms crack."

That moved him. He dropt the tape into a puddle and flew to the handle. To the whir of the machine, he added a variety of instruction.

"Don't look at the camera," he urged. "You've got to seem

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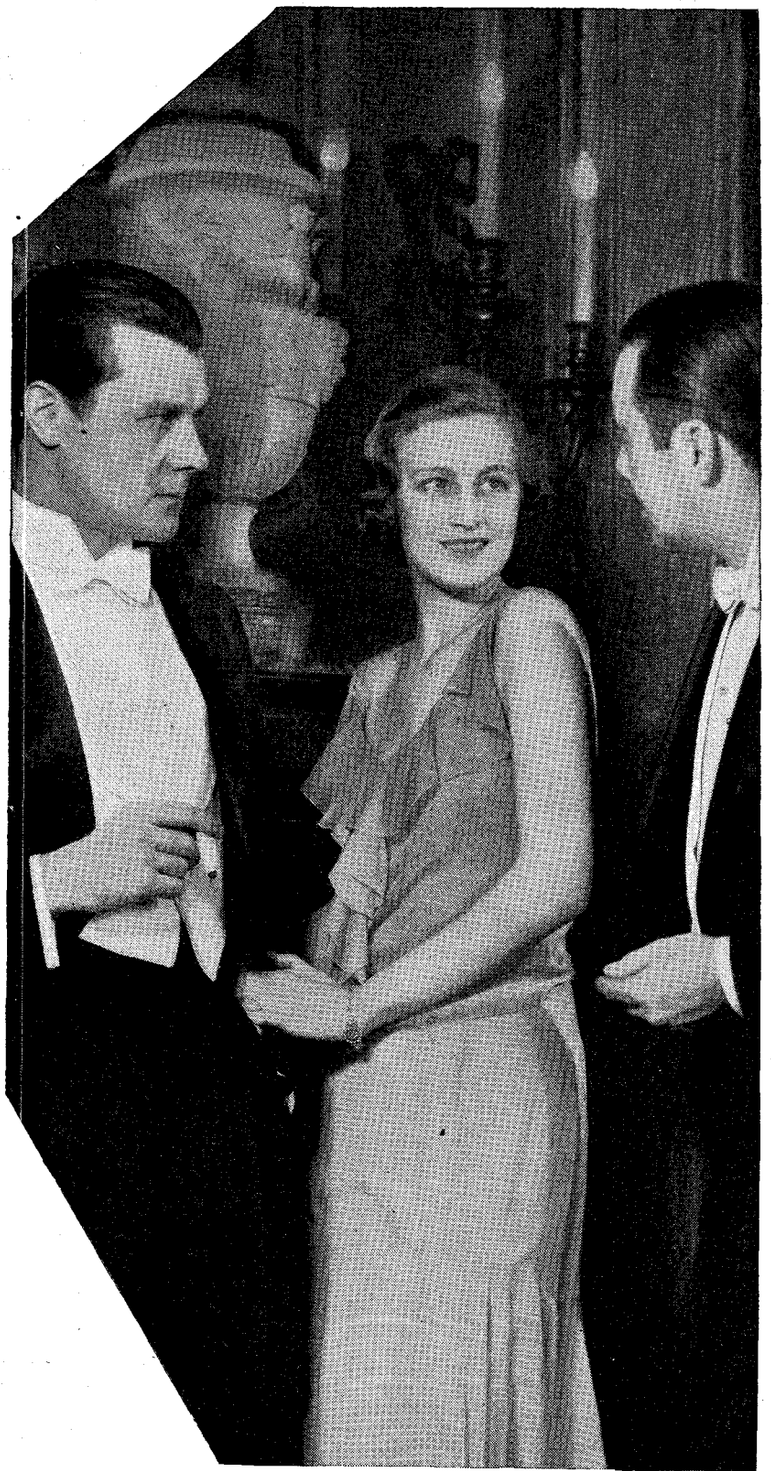

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"After all, it's the Clean Taste!"

"I'm a heavy smoker," he went on, "but I'm a regular chimney on a party. That's why I've switched to Spuds entirely. The cooler smoke keeps my mouth continually moist-cool and clean and comfortable. That's *my* Spud story."

And it's every Spud smoker's story! Because Spud leaves you always mouth-happy ... no matter if it's a straight-through-the-pack smoking session. That's why Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance is the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. Switch to Spud and prove the "clean taste" for yourself!

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

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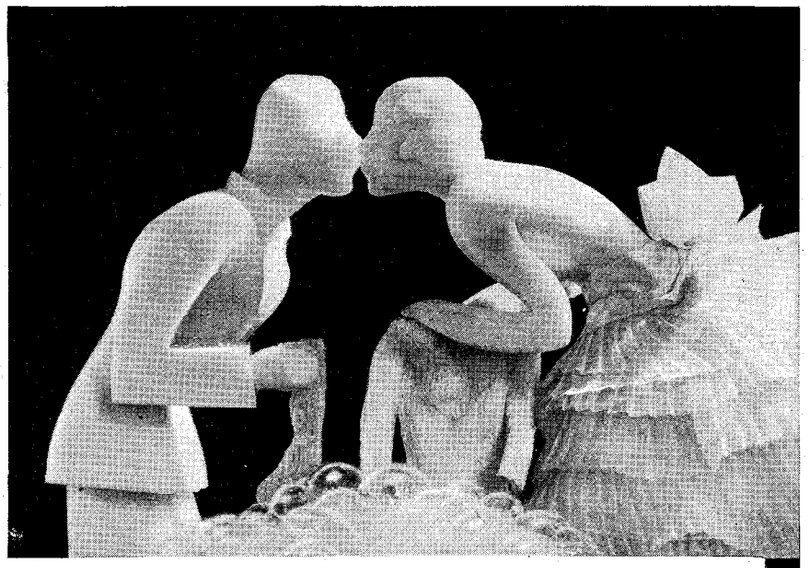

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for washing woolens—
IVORY SNOW
and lukewarm water

Ivory Snow — tiny fairy-thin pearls of pure Ivory Soap — gives extra protection to all fine fabrics. Every tiny pearl is so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even *lukewarm water!*

No waiting for hot water. No fussing with suds. No cooling to the safe faintly warm temperature. *Now* you start with lukewarm water, add Ivory Snow, and you'll have foamy suds in a single swish. No unmelted soap left to cling to woolens and silks.

So quick! So handy! So very, very gentle! A big box for 15¢.

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Silk
and woolen
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"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of the downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers.

natural. Loosen your grip, or you'll strangle it. Now, more movement. That's good! Hold it!"

"I am," I said stiffly. "By the neck. I thought perhaps you'd noticed."

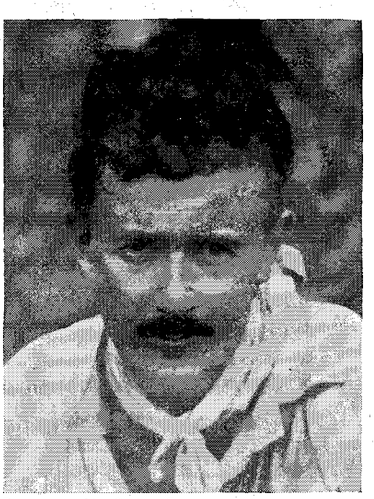
"The pose, you fool. Shift your head so that you stare into the lens without seeming to know it's there. Can you force its jaws open? Splendid!"

At last I could stand no more. I dropt it and jumped back.

The unwilling actor made straight for the deepest part of the swamp. From first to last there had been no bad blood.

"H'm," said Bee-Mason, mopping himself and at the same time deflating any pride I may have felt, "it must have been distended and sleepy. You could never have held it if it had been all there."

WHY has Mr. Duguid tagged the equatorial forest land of South America with the name which forms the title of his book?



By courtesy of the Century Company

An Amateur in the Jungle

Julian Duguid, the Irish author of "Green Hell."

For an answer we turn back to an earlier page, and read:

Three days north from Rosario we encountered the gigantic and terrible personality that we came to call Green Hell. It is a truly colossal block of forest, so vast that the mind refuses to grasp the full immensity of its range.

Shaped like a human body, it stands four-square on the top of Argentina.

Its trunk is Brazil and Paraguay and Eastern Bolivia, its far-flung shoulders dip into two oceans at Ecuador and Pernambuco, and its scraggy neck twists at Panama into the Republics of Central America.

At its widest it stretches without break the distance between Labrador and Liverpool, or Southampton and Suez. It has the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Paraguay for its main arteries, and some six hundred different breeds of Indians flit like fleas through the green covering of its skin.

Naturally it is not of equal density. In the southern portion it is often wooded parkland shot with belts of thicker trees. Cattle roam the plains near the Rio Paraguay, but the forest is never far distant, and ranchers have to take care lest their charges run wild.

In the north it is horrible, a dense, fever-stricken thicket, shimmering in the heat with a perpetual glassy haze dancing through the topmost branches. It is evil,

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swampy, miasmic, like a warm, festering wound.

An Englishman may obtain some slight insight into the discomfort of penetration if he lock himself into a hot-house, water the flowers, close all windows, and allow a blazing sun to shine through the glass while he rides on a stationary bicycle. Even then he will not be bothered by insects.

AT first sight, especially if seen from a boat, Green Hell is just a wood, silent, empty, a little aloof as it paddles its roots in the river, says Mr. Duguid. "Except for an occasional palm-tree, it might be a slice of England. Shady, cool, and green, motionless in the sunlight, it gives an impression of beauty and security that has lured many a novice to his death." But on the other hand:

During the next seven months I began to know that forest, and to understand the fiendish, callous power that underlay the calm exterior.

It hedged us in, dared us to venture through its bowers, coyly hid its water-holes from our sight, and loosed a covey of vampire bats when our animals could ill afford the blood.

I make no claims against the snakes and jaguars that we met, for we sought them deliberately for our own ends. And the Indians that surrounded us were poor, driven creatures, who knew no better.

By degrees I realized that the ancients were right about the sex of their symbolic deities. Ceres, Nature, Green Hell—either name will pass—is a woman. A traveler is at perfect liberty to wander in her domain; she places no insuperable obstacles in his path; but he must have experience and nerve, for if once he lose his head or make a wrong decision, his doom is signed.

Her dress is magnificent, a rich, eternal garment of every shade of green dappled with gold sun-spots. In a measure it portrays the inflexibility of her character, for she never relapses into the browns and reds of autumn, nor into the joyous innocence of the young spring.

A deep sage at the hem, it rises in steady waves of color, until, toward the top, the sun has bleached the life-blood in the leaves.

Her clothes are indestructible, for her wood is for the most part hardwood, and may not be burned while it lives. But for this fact South America would have been colonized long ago.

Thousands of gardeners sweep her paths, and their children are reared to her service.

She grants a landing ground to *Urubu* [the vulture] on condition that he buries the dead in the warmth of his gizzard.

Purple beetle has a safe home beneath a leaf so long as he play the sexton to minor carrion.

Painted jaguar may range her undergrowth till his beauty fades and the younger generation forces him into a corner to die.

HERE we turn to an episode in which the adventurers, in a cranky power boat, chase a swimming jaguar up the Paraguay River. And this gives us a vivid glimpse of Consul General Urriolagoitia, whose acquaintance we made on the first page of this story. Thus:

We were now almost on top of it, with the snout of the boat aimed so as to cut it off from the bank.

Out of the corner of my eye I took stock

From lip to lip the story flashes

WORD passed from man to man that the shock-absorbing Probak blade revolutionized shaving with a double-edge safety. Men everywhere—thousands upon thousands of them—suddenly began using this amazing blade and enjoying matchless shaving comfort. Sales mounted—broke records—astonished the industry and swept Probak into the spotlight of overwhelming popularity.

And still the news continues to flash from lip to lip—the praise of millions recruiting new millions to the vast galaxy of enthusiastic Probak users.

Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture—developments of Henry J. Gaisman—account for Probak's sensational superiority. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel prevents edge distortion. Strips of steel are ground and finished in one continuous operation—controlling quality and assuring utmost uniformity.

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8 HOURS OF

SOUND SLEEP

WITHOUT DRUGS

All-Day Energy Tomorrow

YOU don't need to toss and turn and fret before you get to sleep tonight. You don't need to waken in the middle of the night and lose precious hours of rest.

If you want, you can get to sleep tonight almost as soon as you go to bed. And get 8 hours of sound sleep! Deep sleep! Natural sleep! The kind of sleep that really rests both mind and body!

You can do this without the use of anything remotely resembling the sleep producing drugs. So you wake up tomorrow morning clear-eyed, fresh, "fit" for anything the day may bring.

A food concentrate called Ovaltine will do this for you, as it has for thousands before you. Produced under license in the United States according to the exact Swiss formula, Ovaltine is a delicious food-drink. You mix it with warm milk—drink it just before going to bed—and go to sleep. Then while you sleep, Ovaltine does several remarkable things for you.

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "lecithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or run-down.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually combats* the cause of the trouble.

Also this is one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula 810R

of Urrio, for I had never seen him in action, and I knew that the whole of the rest of the journey depended on his demeanor.

Like all South Americans, he is highly strung and sensitive, and I watched curiously to see if he would fire at random, trusting to the rest of his magazine.

Almost at once I saw that his diplomatic training had come to his assistance. His face, which was in profile, was cold and blank, studiously devoid of feeling, his hands were steady as he grasped the stock, and there was that in his bearing which showed beyond cavil how he would behave in a crisis.

As we came within ten yards of the jaguar, he threw the rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim, and prest the trigger. The beast leapt under the impact of the bullet, which passed through its neck.

"Give it another shot," I said. "It might jump into the boat."

"Pity to spoil the skin," said Urrio, coolly reloading. "I want it for the President."

Nevertheless he raised his rifle once more and covered the dying king.

Then it was that an amazing incident happened, and I understood the meaning of speed. The jaguar suddenly found a purchase on a sunken tree, and leapt into the forest.

Urrio fired instinctively, but the pace beat him by yards.

He landed and pointed to the pools of blood that marked the trail into the jungle.

And that was the beginning of another adventure.

And Now Television Gives Form to the Radio Voice

TELEVISION took hold of Primo Carnera and dealt with the mammoth muscle merchant of Venice as no opponent in the squared circle had ever done.

It turned him into light and shadow.

It turned the light and shadow into waves and sent them bounding through the air, while Primo himself remained behind, none the worse for the adventure.

Television did the same for comical Felix, the clown. It did the same with lithe, graceful La Gambarelli, whirling and pirouetting like a falling autumn leaf.

Then television took the waves and turned them into light and shadow once more and rearranged them so that the figures of Primo and Felix and La Gambarelli appeared in a lens about a foot in diameter set in the front of what looked like a fashionable radio cabinet of walnut.

It was a radio cabinet plus. It was a television receiver, the newest combined toy and tool perfected (or, rather brought within measuring distance of perfection) by the magic hand of science.

Television, one of these days, perhaps, will be bringing into your home the faces as well as the voices of such stars of the ether as THE DIGEST's own Lowell Thomas, Amos 'n' Andy, Rudy Vallee, Graham McNamee and Ted Husing.

FOR television, we are assured, is here. It may not be perfect, but give it time. Radio, it may be recalled, had its faults a

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decade ago. And whatever the faults of television to-day, some 25,000 people scattered over the United States are "looking in" (we must build our terminology as we go along in this new art) and some nineteen stations are broadcasting.

The appearance of La Gambarelli, Primo and Felix is described in the New York *Sun* by R. E. Charles in honor of the opening of a New York station, W2XCR, which synchronizes its visual broadcasts with the sounds of WGBS.

TELEVISION receiving sets—or televisors as most writers call them—are not so common yet. So a number of guests, invited by the company in charge, gathered in Aeolian Hall to witness the "radio talkies." Mr. Charles, who was one of them, "stuck around nearly two hours," he tells us in his account of his reactions, continuing:

The more I saw the instrument the more I enjoyed it.

I overcame my early disappointment at the smallness of the images, at the blur of the details and at the general flicker of the picture.

I had no difficulty in recognizing the speakers. Primo Carnera was easy to identify and Felix the Clown, putting on his make-up in the lens, came over quite clearly.

In every case the dancers were easily known, despite the fact that the images in this case were so very small.

Actors and actresses were something of a disappointment, principally because the lens gave us only the heads.

When you are all keyed up to see a sketch from a Broadway show you are apt to be a bit peeved if the juxtaposition of two faces is the sum total of what you can actually see.

As I sat back in one of the chairs and watched the crowd filing past the machines I found that you must stand directly in front of the lens in order to see anything at all. One person, and perhaps two, can see the image conveniently. Three is a crowd and four is an unruly mob.

The lens itself is something less than a foot in diameter and visualization from an angle is at present impossible, so that the element of space is a factor to be considered both at the transmitting and at the receiving end.

It struck me that if the images could be thrown on a large screen instead of being presented in a small lens a great future exists for the radio talkies.

In a talk with one of the officials I was assured that this is actually being achieved by the engineers. Even making allowances for the difficulty created by the mass interest of Sunday evening last, only two people can look into the lens without discomfort at present.

We saw enough to be able to realize that television is an accomplished fact.

The difficulties that are now so obvious will soon be overcome. The flicker will disappear.

The spatial difficulties in the matter of transmitting scenes from the stage will also be conquered.

Those of us who remember the infancy of the movies can easily recall the flickering pictures that used to cause such fatigue to the eyes.

We recall also the blurred sounds that

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how do you go about

SELECTING ONE?

THERE are dozens of different dentifrices on the market and a theory for every dentifrice—so many, in fact, that no doubt you sometimes wonder if you really *are* using the best dentifrice to care for your teeth and gums.

Yet, selecting the proper type of dentifrice becomes simple if you take the expert opinion of dentists. A prominent research institution made an investigation among 50,000 practicing dentists. Read the summary of the answers received:

95% *of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;*

95% *agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;*

85% *stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.*

Squibb Dental Cream is made with more than 50% *Squibb Milk of Magnesia.* Isn't that excellent evidence that it will protect your teeth and gums?

You'll like the way Squibb's cleans—teeth quickly become lustrous and gleaming. And it's such a *safe* dentifrice—contains no grit, no astringent—nothing which might injure.

It keeps the mouth clean-feeling and refreshed—smokers especially appreciate this point. Get a tube from your druggist and begin using it regularly.

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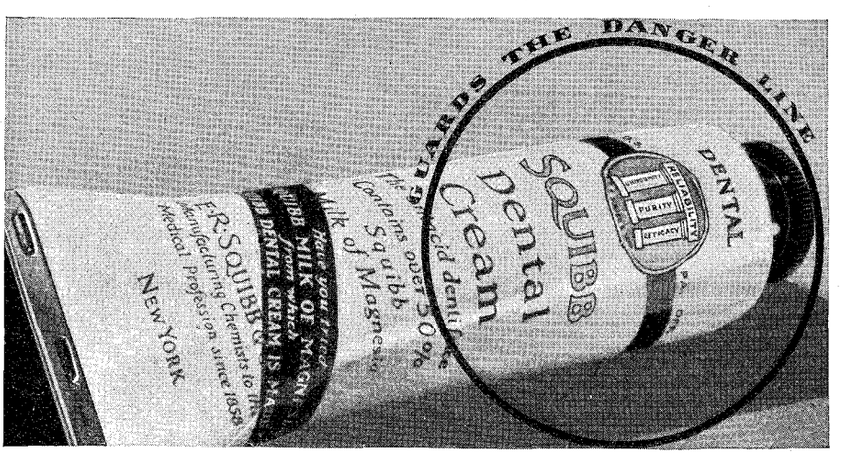

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The BOSCH
ROBERT BOSCH A.G.
Pyro-Action SPARK PLUG at $1.00
IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST SPARK PLUG FOR YOU TO BUY

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CANADIAN WAREHOUSE:
TORONTO, CAN. SPARK PLUG PRICES SAME AS IN U. S.

used to come to us from the first talkies. Movies and talkies overcame those difficulties. Television will do the same.

When will television in the home be as common as radio is to-day? When, from the comfort of our easy chairs in our own homes, shall we witness the latest Broadway hits and the day's sports events as they take place?

As for the first question, we have already noted Mr. Charles's optimism. But the more cautious seem to feel that perfection, as great as we have to-day in the radio, is a matter of a decade in the future.

But to the second question there are more definite answers, to which we shall come later.

COMING to the more immediate statistics, we have already mentioned the estimated total of 25,000 people "looking in" in this country, and the fact that nineteen stations are sending out programs.

You can buy your receiver in kit form and assemble it for as little as $119.50, according to *The Sun*, which adds that other models are available up to $250 and more.

The Sun is now publishing two pages every week devoted exclusively to television, and other newspapers are giving space to it. A magazine, *Television News*, has made its appearance.

Alice Remsen, of station W2XCD, is the original "television girl," or a strong contender for the title, according to the New York *World-Telegram*. She has appeared in programs of this station since early in the year and is fast acquiring a following.

And, not least of these facets of the situation, the search is on for a word indicating the user of a television set. We have used "looker in" in this article in a tentative way. In the New York *Times* we read of these other words—tellser, sightener, noisivisioner, radiospect, perceiver, lookhearer, scanner, televist, teleseer, viseur, and lookstener.

NEW YORK broadcasts, we learn from *The Times*, have been seen as far away as Baltimore, and with increased power are expected to beat that distance. From Chicago the broadcasts travel even farther. A Chicago television man, Clem F. Wade, said in an interview in *Television News:*

"I know that the big problem in broadcasting television programs is studio technique. Placing of the microphones, especially the placing of microvisors (photoelectric cell units), the education of the radio entertainer to a realization that people see him, and the changing of lenses in the cameras to switch from full-length to close-ups and back again are the present real problems.

"A television show requires sound to make it real entertainment. Even sight and sound pictures require action. It is no different from the movies. Action, action and more action is necessary!

"Full-length pictures are good and are getting better. Lately from W9XAO, and occasionally from W9XAP, we broadcast short boxing exhibitions. These are mighty

Is your brake-lining man like SINBAD?

You remember how Sinbad had to struggle along under the weight of the Old Man of the Sea. Many a brake-lining man is trying to serve you while he staggers along under a similar handicap—the handicap of using a poor brake lining. Insist that he rid himself of it before you hire him

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good, even without sound, because there is plenty of action.

"The farthest report of good reception is from Albuquerque, New Mexico. There are other reports of satisfactory reception from Tulsa, Oklahoma City, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Iowa City, Kansas City, Toledo, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Pittsburgh.

"The man at Albuquerque insists that the picture is better than it is at Chicago. Personally, I think he's crazy, but he certainly was able to tell us a lot about our programs and when this man came to Chicago he identified announcers and artists he had seen at Albuquerque!"

PERFORMERS must have eye appeal, as well as ear appeal. In a copyrighted article in the New York *American* Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, tells us that personal appearance is being considered in engaging talent. Further:

The radio performer may read his lines in a business suit, being invisible. But the television performer must not only be pleasing to the ear but to the eye; he will be in costume amid stage settings; he will have to know and speak his parts.

We have invited Metropolitan Opera to come into the "Radio City" which is to be built upon the Rockefeller property in the heart of Manhattan. But we do not know whether grand opera, in full costume, full voice, full length, is a television feature. I am inclined to doubt it.

Similarly, it seems unlikely whether full length dramas or musical shows will be "transmitted" into your homes. People want the feel of the flesh before them upon a stage.

A Studious Hitch-Hiker Looks at Hitch-Hiking

PASS laws to protect motorists from hitch-hikers?

Indeed! How about protecting hitch-hikers from motorists?

The hitch-hiker's risk "is every bit as great as that of the motorist. There are some 'rough' looking individuals driving automobiles, and some very careless drivers, despite the operators' tests in many States."

Thus Dan Curtis, a college instructor, who, in spite of his dignified calling, has managed to travel 5,000 miles on $10. And into that 5,000 miles figures an 1,800-mile honeymoon.

Thus, Mr. Curtis tells us, as he reminisces of the three E's of hitch-hiking in the Baltimore *Sun* Magazine, "I belong to the profession."

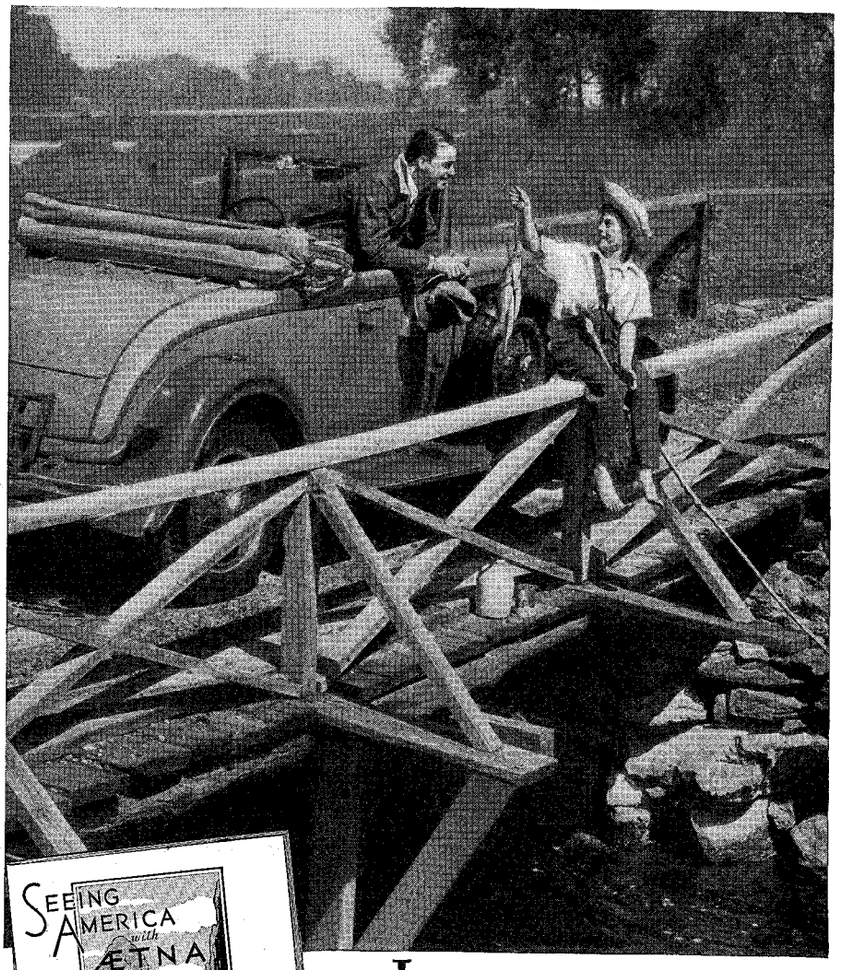
And, he adds, apropos of anti-hitch-hiking legislation passed or proposed in several States, "I can not permit an institution to which I owe so much to become merely another crime; without some attempt at eulogy."

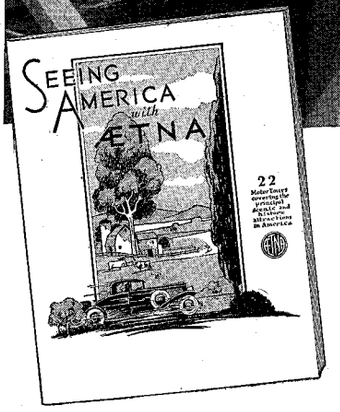
Ask any individual, he continues, who is standing in a roadway for the purpose of stopping a private vehicle to solicit a ride, why he is there, and he will give one or more of the following answers:

"To economize."

"To escape."

How to be as Carefree as *Huckleberry Finn!*





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"To experience."

These are the three E's of hitch-hiking. But, he adds:

A real hitch-hiker, to my mind, is one not actuated at all by the economical motive but rather by the second and third E's mentioned previously. It is quite possible, of course, for the same individual to be a real hiker on one occasion and only a bum on another; and none recognizes the difference more than he who has been both.

MR. CURTIS addresses his dissertation both to novices in the art of getting free rides and to those from whom the free rides are solicited. The novice hitch-hiker must attain a complete mastery of his craft, he declares as he proceeds:

He must learn to secure a ride quickly and to avoid being passed by too many drivers.

This includes a knowledge of what to wear, what luggage to carry, where to stand on the highway, how to salute approaching cars, and, most important of all, how to follow up when a driver starts to pass by with the intention of not stopping.

He must be able to ingratiate himself with his host so as to enjoy the ride to its fullest extent. This includes tact in starting and continuing conversations and in answering questions.

Motorists naturally are timid of any one whom they take into their cars, regardless of that person's appearance on the roadway. The guest tries to put his host at ease as quickly as possible.

The hitch-hiker must be astute in avoiding danger and disagreeable experiences.

The prudent hiker hesitates naming his true destination, if it is far distant, both not to startle his host and to assure himself of the driver's competency. Thus, he discreetly names a near-by city and, if satisfied when that place is reached, requests to be taken farther.

If he dislikes his driver he alights, gives polite thanks, and seeks a more pleasant ride.

Finally the real hitch-hiker knows how to avoid inconvenience and loss of time in his itinerary. It is a temptation to accept long rides off one's predetermined route, and also to pass through places where one had intended stopping.

There also is the fear of being stranded at nightfall, after which it is practically impossible to get a ride. But the finished hiker learns to prepare a careful itinerary and then to adhere to it resolutely. By so doing he avoids loss of time, and has the satisfaction of achievement.

A DESCRIPTION of "the first-class hitch-hiker who has mastered a technique" may be appreciated by motorists, Mr. Curtis conjectures. And so he proceeds to furnish one, thus:

The consensus of hitch-hikers of my acquaintance is that the experienced hiker avoids khaki and hunting clothing, wearing instead a neat business suit.

He has little luggage, perhaps only a brief-case, never a knapsack or bundle. He avoids "thumbing," but makes a simple (often a left-handed) gesture in the direction he wishes to go.

When he sees that he is about to be passed up, he smiles good-naturedly, perhaps waves in a friendly way. This is the technique of the "follow-up" which hikers find best in stopping drivers at first prone to pass.

Many a motorist stops several hundred feet beyond, and explains, when the hiker has taken his seat, that he is breaking a resolution never to give a stranger a ride.

Other drivers stop to apologize for their inability to be accommodating, or indicate by gestures that they are continuing only a short distance or that their cars are filled with other people or baggage.

Once in the car the first-class hitch-hiker is courteous and amiable. If his host is a salesman or business man, he supplies the conversation which such individuals usually want.

If his host is reticent, he does not force the conversation. His expression of appreciation always is hearty and sincere.

It should be obvious that this description does not fit a person whose main object is to save money; nor does it apply to a timid and self-conscious beginner.

The first-class hitch-hiker has conquered his inferiority complex; he has mastered the ability to make almost as much mileage as if he were his own chauffeur, and to enjoy himself even more.

THE real romance-seeking hitch-hiker must have a fixt itinerary, and never deviate from it merely because motorists want to pile up mileage, the writer assures us as his account runs on:

On only two occasions have I abandoned this principle.

Once an automobile salesman going to Bowling Green, Kentucky, picked up my bride and me as we were about to leave the main highway near Elizabethton, and invited us to continue with him to Cave City for a trip through Mammoth Cave.

When we arrived at Cave City I feared that we were going to regret our change of plans, as the last bus and train had left for the cave, ten miles away. Our host, however, turned out to be one of those individuals whose hospitality seems incredible to me even to-day.

Because, as he put it, he had "gotten us into it," he insisted on "seeing us through." Thus, altho we knew him to be in a hurry, he went twenty miles out of his way to take us to the cave entrance, where he arranged with a friend for a special trip for us after regular hours.

The other occasion was on the invitation of a New York City junior high-school principal on his way home from Georgia. Not only did he entertain us throughout the major portion of the day, but also left his own route to take us to Natural Bridge, Virginia. We arrived late one Saturday evening, and viewed one of the world's wonders by daybreak Sunday.

It is no personal charm of mine which has caused me to be the recipient of so many courtesies, but only my ability, through experience, to improve my hosts' opinions of me.

No charitable motive would cause a motorist to inconvenience himself for an unemployed laborer or gridiron-bound collegian.

AT the expiration of my three-year teaching contract, in June, says Mr. Curtis in conclusion:

I shall desert the classroom for a business position. Perhaps, en route to the new job, I shall be able once more to stand in roadways, stop private vehicles and solicit rides. And, on the other hand, by that time Congress may have decided that hitch-hiking is a national menace, and that it should be prohibited entirely by Federal statute.

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The Poker Face That May Give Golf Crowns to Japan

YOU can't get sore at a graven image.

Big Bill Tilden summed it up thus after meeting the calmness, the imperturbability of Nipponese sportsmen on the tennis-court.

But the poker face is a potent goat-getter, and some there are who argue that this is a quality which may make for golf championships in Japan, where men are noteworthy for their power to remain impassive.

For golf, slow in catching on outside English-speaking lands, is gaining converts in the land of the rising sun, George Trevor reports in *The Sportsman*.

Just why there should be something incongruous about the idea of a Japanese playing golf is hard to say, Mr. Trevor concedes, as he continues:

But snapshots of earnest Orientals up to their waists in a bunker invariably suggest a press-agent stunt.

Somehow, golf doesn't seem to jibe with the Far Eastern scene, yet, if you stop to analyze the psychological factors governing this most aggravating of games, you realize that the unruffled poise, the calm fatalism, and the philosophic acceptance of destiny so typical of the Japanese are precisely those qualities a golfer needs.

If you have ever faced a placid, impassive adversary, who never so much as deigned to glance at your shots, you know how disconcerting a poker face can be. I think it is an even greater asset in golf than in tennis, for golf is peculiarly mental. Not being permitted to shoot a straight left to your opponent's jaw or to rattle his teeth with a tackle, it is human nature to want to see him wince when you pump a full-blooded iron three feet from the flag.

Yes, the bland, inscrutable expression habitual to the Jap is a match-play goat-getter. Your Nipponese may not actually be stolid, but he looks as tho nothing short of an earthquake would startle him.

What price a mashie pitch dead to the pin or a fifteen-footer that rattles in the cup, if your foe refuses to look chagrined?

You can not tell whether your thrust has penetrated his competitive consciousness. You feel as tho you were playing a cigar-store Indian, an imperturbable automaton.

Our Davis Cup players noted this sensation in the tennis tie with Japan. Bill Tilden summed it up in the words quoted in our opening sentence.

Doubtless this explains why Tilden had the devil of a time subduing Kumagae and Shimizu—players whose stroke equipment was limited and whose form was stilted.

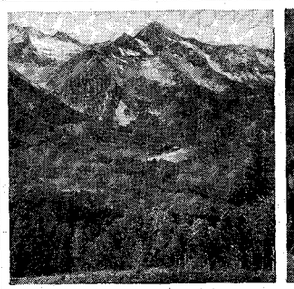
Sets would slip away before Tilden could arouse himself to a fighting pitch. Japanese tennis strategy conforms to Oriental psychology.

The Japs win by refraining from errors—patiently getting the ball back, until the seeker after an ace outright finally hits the net or misses the line. This demands remarkable retrieving ability.

IT'S this same safety-first principle that governs Japanese golf, it is suggested as we proceed:

The Nipponese golfer is accurate rather

COLORFUL COLORADO



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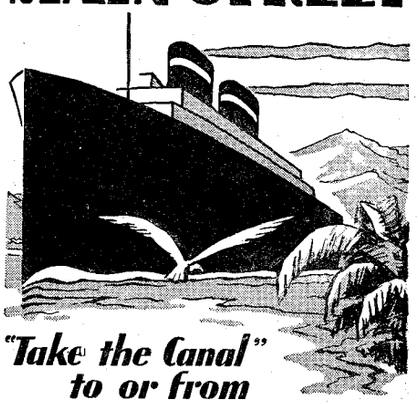

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than long, a painstaking plugger who avoids taking chances.

That poker face does not screen a gambler's heart. He is cool and calculating on the links rather than aggressively impetuous. His strategy is negative, yet none the less effective.

If any particular phase of golf appeals to the Japanese, it is putting.

Their delicacy of touch—apparent in juggling, painting, needlework, and lacquer craftsmanship—is evident on the greens.

This sensitive finger-feel is supplemented by unusual keenness of vision and judgment of distance.

We all know that a velvety putting touch covers a multitude of sins in golf. Outdriven off the tee, less nippy with the long irons, your Japanese "takes in the slack" when the green is reached.

Bobby Cruickshank and Bill Mehlhorn, recently returned from a barnstorming trip through Japan, foresee a race of almond-eyed Willie Parks literally putting its way to the ascendency which America wrested from Britain.

The two Scottish professionals, golfing missionaries, found Japan receptive to the game.

They were paid $75 an hour to give group instruction at a Tokyo club.

One suspects that this liberal compensation may have induced Bob and Bill to exaggerate the virtue of their brown-skinned clients. Personally, I regard their dominance in golf as still too remote to lose any sleep over, even if the brothers Rokuro and Shirro Akahoshi did beat Cruickshank and Mehlhorn in one eighteen-hole best-ball match.

Do You Want to Walk on Water? These Magic Shoes Will Help

THE beautiful blue Danube is merely a footpath for those who own the magic slippers for walking on water.

Wearing these magic slippers, or water skis, to give them their proper names, "a detachment of Austrian soldiers, wearing uniforms and full equipment, and possibly bearing a dismounted machine-gun," can cross the Danube on foot.

And they can thank Joseph Krupka, young Viennese student, ski enthusiast and inventor.

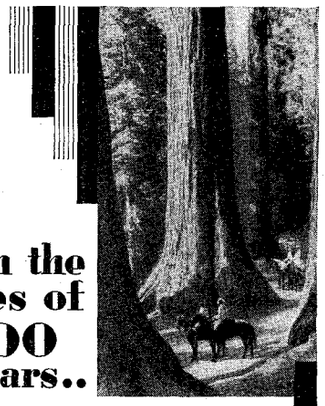
Helping themselves by means of double-bladed paddles, which correspond to the poles used by an ordinary skier, writes John MacCormac in the New York *Times*, "they glide quickly along on their 'water skis.'

"These are some eight feet long by about a foot broad, and not quite so deep. They consist of waterproof covers over light skeleton frames, and look very much like unusually elongated Eskimo kayaks.

"Underneath they have a sort of shutter which allows the skis to glide forward, but opens and acts as a brake against its gliding back."

As a sport and a means of making Summer camping expeditions along Central European waterways, the writer continues:

Water skiing is beginning to eclipse canoeing, which has enjoyed great popularity in this part of the world since the war. The water skier can carry about



down the aisles of 4,000 years..

MANY of these Sequoia giants are twice the age of the Christian era . . . all of them were old-timers when Caesar crossed the *Rubicon!*

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sixty pounds' additional weight without inconvenience and, what is more, he can stow his clothes, shoes, small tent and provisions where they will be safe and dry inside his skis.

Without removing his strange footgear he can cross sandbars, or even islands, to take the water again on the further side.

If he wants to "portage" across to another lake or river, he can fold up his skis in five minutes, pack their thirty pounds weight in a knapsack, make his way on foot to the next waterway, and in another ten minutes be afloat again.

If the skier falls into the water—something an expert practically never does unless on purpose—nothing more dangerous than a wetting need happen to him. If he falls backward he rests a hand on either ski, presses his heels together, and then raises himself by means of his arms until his head is over his knees. It is then a comparatively easy matter to regain a standing position.

If he falls sidewise, for instance to the left, he throws himself backward and pushes his left ski forward with his right hand, helping this movement by bending his left knee inward under him. This enables him to reach the same position as tho he had fallen backward, and from this it is again easy for him to regain his feet.

If he falls forward between his skis—which he practically never does—he grasps one ski by its front end, pulls it to him and then rolls sideward over it into the sidewise position.

An expert can crouch over his skis, let himself fall sidewise, draw his body through the water in a sort of side somersault to the other side, and in a second be on his feet again.

THE idea of walking on water is an old one, Mr. MacCormac tells us as he recites early failures to carry the idea out. But at last, we learn:

In 1928 a young Viennese student and amateur skier named Joseph Krupka, observing a long-legged waterfly racing over the surface of a rain-barrel, conceived the idea of skiing over water as he had done over snow.

That night he worked out on paper the construction of a water ski which should be light and portable, and a few days later he had realized his design and set out to practise the new support on a tiny pond in Ober-St.-Veit, near Vienna.

All went well until his father told him to fall down to see if he could get up again. The falling was easy, but the question of how to get up without help defied him for days on end.

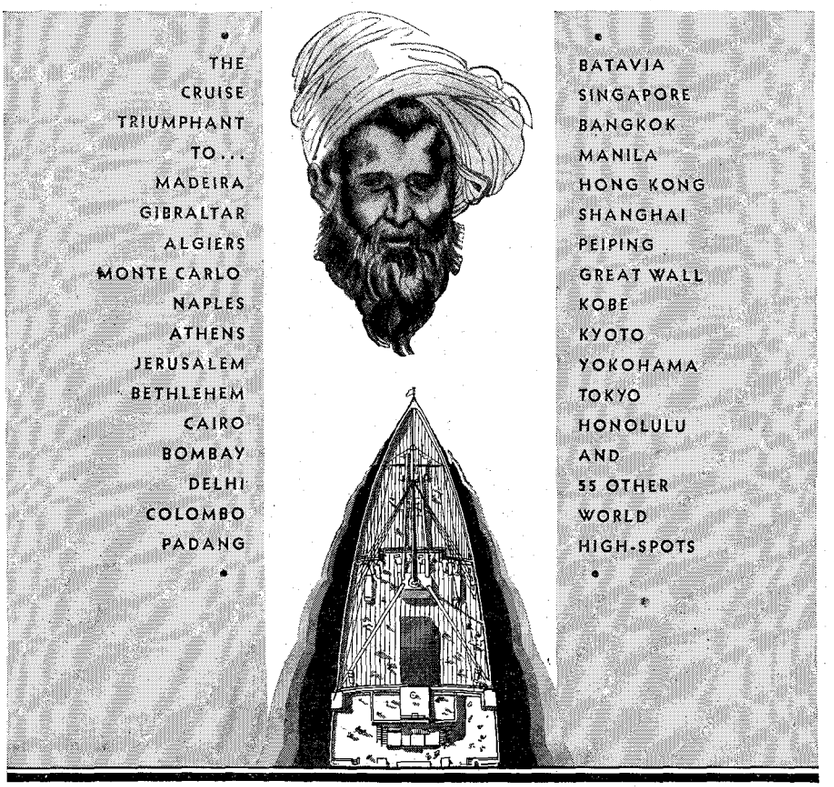
"A week later," says Krupka, "a girl tried water skiing. She was Fraulein Hilda Zeller of Zellenberg, daughter of a well-known Viennese doctor.

"After a few paces she fell sidewise into the water, but one swing and she was again on her feet. Overjoyed, I watched her and decided that, despite all the trouble they cause, girls are certainly good for something."

The popularity of the new sport was instant. A group of young people organized themselves to learn its technique, and were delighted to find that many principles learned in ordinary skiing could be made use of here.

What they learned in the backwaters of the old Danube they made use of in the swift stream of mid-channel.

They extended their sport to Alpine lakes and streams, learned to run rapids,



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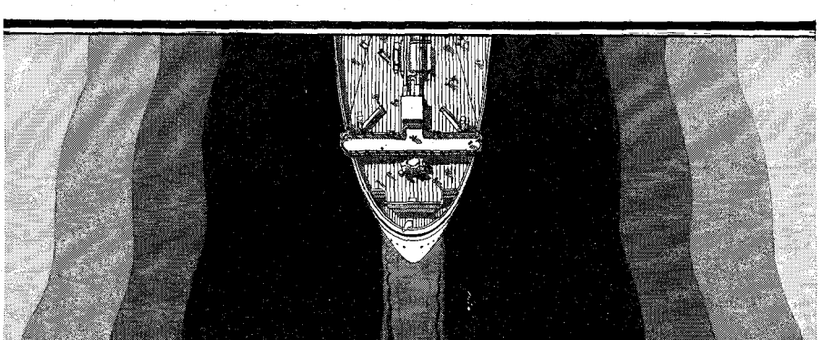

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and to enjoy the excitements of "water skijoring" behind fast motor-boats.

Next year a group of Austrian students demonstrated the new sport in England and France.

Water skiing is now spreading throughout Europe, and has reached Scandinavia, where Arne Borg, world's champion swimmer, is among its devotees. The United States, country of waterways and campers, has remained a surprizing exception.

Is Wes Ferrell the New Matty?

THE Cobbs, the Hagens, the Tunneys, and the Tildens have a new buddy. For young Wes Ferrell, of the Cleveland Indians, who pitched 1931's first no-hit game the other day, has joined the ranks of the "supremely self-confident athletes."

In proof of Ferrell's right to join that August assemblage, Joe Williams, writing in the New York *World-Telegram*, recalls that in 1928 when Wes first joined the Indians, it was thought that some seasoning with a smaller club would be all to the good. But when it was explained to him that, for the time being, he was to go to Terre Haute, he said, according to Mr. Williams, that "he supposed he would have to go to Terre Haute if that was the way the club felt about him, but that it was a stupid move to make. 'I wouldn't have any more trouble winning for Cleveland than for Terre Haute,' he remarked, most casually."

In further reminiscence of Wes, one of the big reasons for Cleveland's fine showing this season, Mr. Williams writes:

He went to Terre Haute, and nobody could beat him. He won twenty ball games without getting up so much as a mild sweat. The next year he came back to Cleveland and won twenty-one ball games for the Indians, and everybody tabbed him right off as the best young pitching prospect since Christy Mathewson's time.

Along toward the close of the season Billy Evans called the young man into the business office to talk over next year's contract. The talk was to be on the basis of the number of games he had won up to date, a matter of twenty or so.

"I'm not through winning yet," answered Mr. Ferrell. "I'll talk with you when the season is over—and at my terms."

Some time later they had another conference. Evans conceded that the young man had had a splendid year with his twenty-five victories, and that he deserved a better contract.

"But remember this," added Evans, "very few young pitchers have a good second year in the majors. I can name you a dozen offhand that started out like champions in their first year, only to fail miserably the following year. A young pitcher who makes a sensational start always seems to run into a jinx in his second year."

Mr. Ferrell knew the answer to that one, too.

"If you can pitch you don't have to worry about a jinx," he said.

P. S. He got the dough.

At the moment Mr. Ferrell is the highest salaried twenty-three-year-old pitcher in the history of baseball. The highest salary ever paid a big-league pitcher was $25,000.

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Dazzy Vance, of the Brooklyns, was paid that last season. As pitchers go, Dazzy is now an old man.

They call him the Second Matty, and already Wes is making considerably more than Matty, still immortalized as the Perfect Pitcher, ever made.

The Tragic End of Kidston's Long Gamble with Death

TWEAKING death's nose, Glen Kidston, one of British aviation's most romantic figures, who was recently killed in a crash in Natal, had led a charmed life.

Altho only thirty-one years old, the United Press relates:

He had escaped death narrowly at least six times.

As a fifteen-year-old midshipman in September, 1914, he swam about in the sea for two and a half hours before being rescued when the armored cruiser *Hogue*, in which he was serving, was sunk by a German torpedo.

Appointed to the battle-ship *Orion*, he survived the heavy shelling which she underwent at the Battle of Jutland.

Inheriting a large fortune, Commander Kidston took up motor-racing after the war, and acquired a reputation as one of the most skilful and daring drivers on the British track.

In August, 1928, after he had married a daughter of Roland Soames, they roamed through Ceylon on a wedding trip, and after announcing his intention of forswearing automobile racing, he yielded to temptation, and entered for the Ulster Tourist Trophy. His car crashed into a hedge while traveling at ninety-five miles an hour, but he was unhurt.

ANOTHER semimiraculous survival occurred in a motor-boat race in May, 1927, in the Solent, this sketch of the aviator's remarkable career runs on:

Commander Kidston was at the tiller when the craft, speeding at fifty miles an hour, broke in two. He and four companions were saved from drowning.

In October, 1928, Commander Kidston and a group of friends went to Africa in the plane from which Alfred Lowenstein, the Belgian financier, had fallen to his death in the English Channel on the preceding July 4. The ship crashed in the White Nile region, but Commander Kidston was unharmed.

In November, 1929, Commander Kidston started from Croydon as a passenger in a German air-liner. Within twenty minutes the plane had crashed, killing six of its eight occupants. But he escaped.

Early last month Commander Kidston set an England-to-Cape Town air record of six and a half days in an American Lockheed-Vega monoplane, to prove his contention that the British air mail could cover the route in half its present twelve-day schedule if it would adopt similar equipment.

But he tempted fate once too often, and, at last, the United Press reports from Cape Town, South Africa, he was killed "when his plane crashed in a dust storm against the side of one of the Drakensburg Mountains, sixteen miles from Van Reenen, Natal." With him died Capt. T. A. Gladstone, a pioneer in South African aviation.

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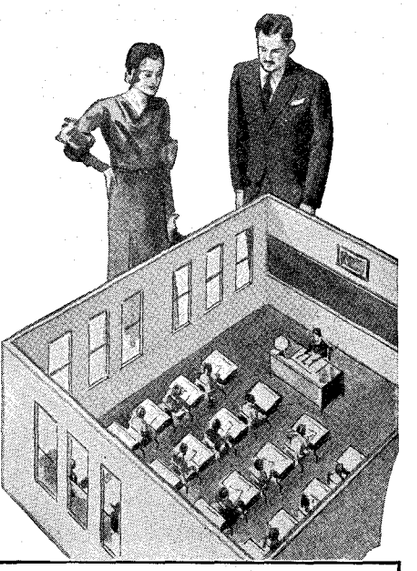

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The Last of the Titans

THAT STURDY FIGURE with mutton-chop whiskers, square-cut stiff hat, and blunt-toed shoes—a favorite newspaper description of George F. Baker—will be missed in the old-fashioned offices of the First National Bank at Broadway and Wall, in the board rooms of forty-odd corporations, in the councils of the nation's great bankers, in the Unitarian Church where he worshiped, in his homes on Murray Hill, in Tuxedo, and on Jekyl Island.

Emerging from the flood of personal tributes come editorial reflections that when Mr. Baker passed away at the age of ninety-one, he was "the dean of American banking," "the last of the Titans," and that his passing somehow represents the end of an epoch. His death, as we read in the New York *Times*, "leaves only John D. Rockefeller, Sr., to represent the leaders of an era that saw the passing of the last frontier and the flowering of a new civilization which they and their contemporaries helped to build." Altho Mr. Baker's chief interest was in banking and finance, he was, as an Associated Press correspondent in New York puts it, among the group "which in the last century flung rails of steel across the continent and helped this nation prepare for the transition from an agrarian age to an epoch of machines and mass production."

International

"Silence Is the Secret of Success"

So said George F. Baker, whose death at 91 marks the end of a financial era.

Baker succeeded to the financial leadership of this country with the passing of the elder J. P. Morgan and, as the New York *Herald Tribune* notes, "he maintained that position until his death; Morgan, James Stillman, James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, Jacob H. Schiff, Henry C. Frick, William Rockefeller, E. H. Gary, all these financial Titans of his period were gone," while the elder Rockefeller, eight months Mr. Baker's senior, "had long since divested himself of business command."

Not only was Mr. Baker left alone with the passing of his fellow magnates, but he also, in the words of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, "saw the passing of the financial system that left such power concentrated in a few hands." Editors remember Mr. Baker's appearance on the witness stand during the Pujo "money trust" investigation in 1913. The latter part of Mr. Baker's testimony "is well remembered in financial history," says the New York *Times*. This newspaper recalls how Samuel Untermyer, the committee's counsel, asked Mr. Baker if he did not think that the further concentration of the control of banking credit would be dangerous. Mr. Baker admitted that it had "gone far enough." And as for the "dangerous part," he said—

> It might not be dangerous, but still it has gone about far enough. In good hands, I do not say it would do any harm. If it got into bad hands it would be very bad.

AFTER further questioning along this line, Mr. Untermyer came out with: "Do you think that is a comfortable situation for a great country to be in?" And then, according to *The Times*, Mr. Baker very slowly replied: "Not entirely."

Thus, remarks the New York *World-Telegram*, "one of the greatest of American bankers honestly admitted the weakness, as opposed to the strength, of that systematized concentration of colossal financial power which he, the elder Morgan, and James A. Stillman had done more than any other men in the country to bring about."

The singular thing about the Baker career, as the Utica *Press* reflects upon it, "is the extent to which it typified the attitude toward business as a private undertaking":

> This man, who had weathered the worst business troubles of the United States since the Civil War, had nothing to say to the public about its attitude toward business.
>
> His wisdom and experience were his own, or of benefit only to the corporations in which he was interested.
>
> He gave a guarded statement to the papers last winter that business might be improving slowly. That was all.
>
> His career may be assumed to represent the highest achievement to which private business may aspire, but it ends with little benefit to the public, by way of instruction or advice.

It is curious that his death should come at a time when that attitude of individual self-sufficiency should be so generally called in question.

Can it mean that the era of individualism which produced Rockefeller as an exploiter of natural resources, Ford as the creator of mass production, and Baker as the manipulator of financial power, is coming to an end?

Taking these three as the most eminent exponents of the system, it is pretty clear that they have little to offer their fellow citizens by way of counsel when the system goes wrong.

As strong, capable, and fortunate individuals they did well—for themselves—but they have done little for the Nation.

From first to last, they have played lone hands. Their success constitutes the ultimate goal of every such endeavor. The question arises whether it is an altogether desirable goal.

BUT others are not so sure that the passing of Baker really marks the end of an era, or that we shall never look upon his like again. "Whenever the founder of an enormous fortune leaves this world somebody is likely to say that he is the last of his line, that the day of the individual in business has passed, and that from now on the man will amount to little and the corporation to everything." The reason to doubt this, continues the Boston *Globe*, "is that within a few years there is always some other mighty figure looming on the horizon."

Admitting all that the newspapers say about Mr. Baker's silence, his conservatism, his confidence, his steadiness, his good judgment, and the similar characteristics of the great bank he headed, the Washington *Evening Star* suggests that:

> There are others, scattered about the country, not so well known as the bank which was the result of George F. Baker's lifetime endeavor, but of great power for good in their communities. And there are Bakers at their head, men of wisdom and discretion, sound in their views and judgments, careful in their operations, rocks of refuge for their areas of financial service when storms arise and rage and threaten the business world.

IN Troy, New York, where George Fisher Baker was born on March 27, 1840, *The Record* suggests that his "life was typical of that of several Trojans who lived in the period of his birth," and that "the atmosphere in which he was born might have had an inspiring effect upon the career that made him a recognized power in the financial circles of the world."

In Albany, where he began his business career, *The Evening News* speaks of him as "one of the greatest stabilizers among financiers." President James A. Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation is impressed by the fact that Mr. Baker "was always an optimist on his country and its future, and never discouraged in times of changing conditions." Thomas W. Lamont of the Morgan firm says of Mr. Baker: "In times

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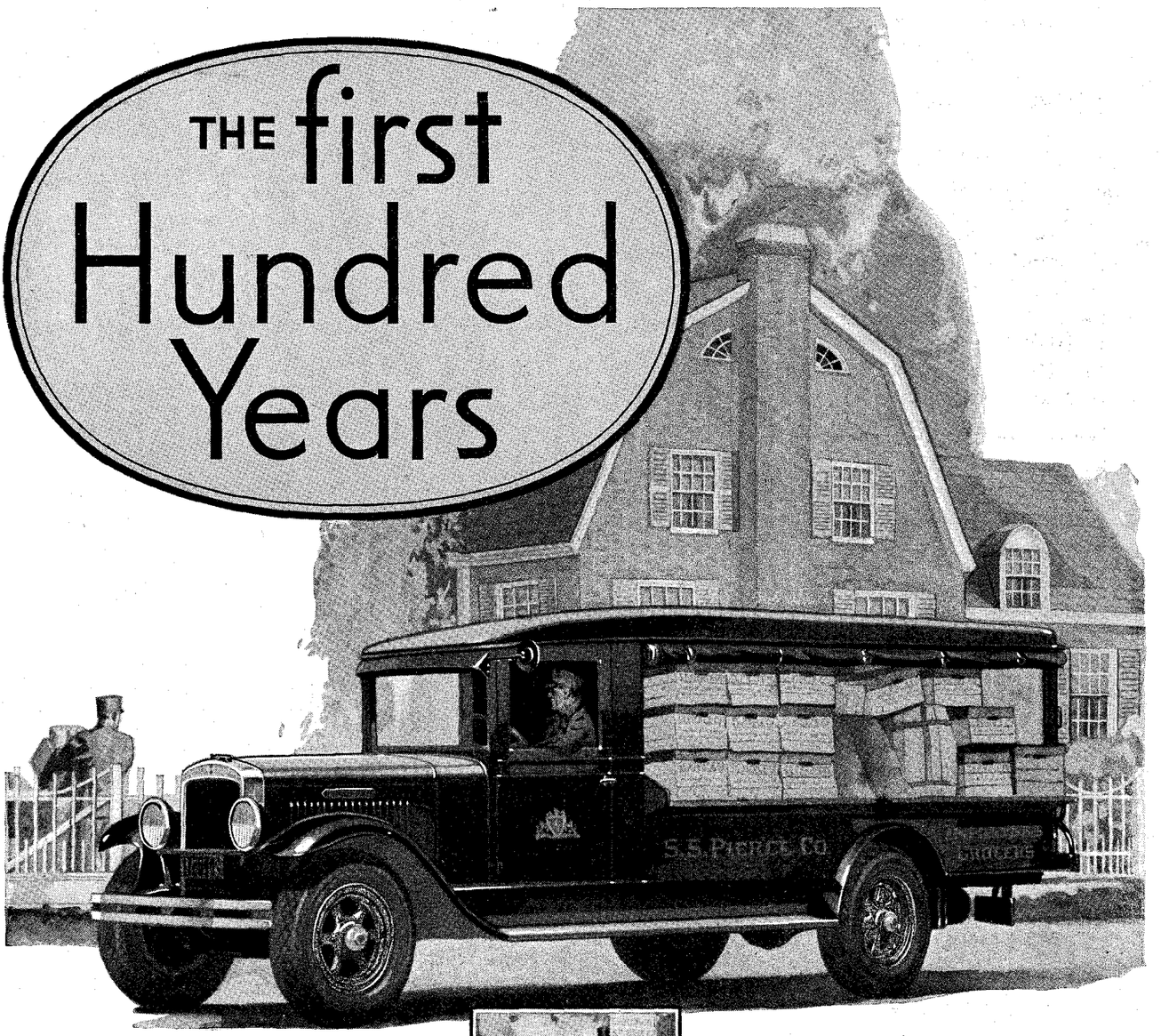
THE first Hundred Years



"If you can't have your grocery on a corner," said Samuel Pierce to Eldad Worcester in the year 1831, "don't have one at all."

You should see the S. S. Pierce Co.'s "corner stores" in Boston today! Annual sales running into millions—50,000 active accounts—deliveries made by a fleet of 82 motor trucks—in short, store-keeping on a scale that would have frightened either Samuel or Eldad.

Centennial year this year for S. S. Pierce—and for the International Harvester Company. And this makes doubly interesting the fact that Boston's historic grocery uses a Harvester product—International Trucks.

Delivery service of the little corner grocery was by wheelbarrow in 1831. A far cry from the service rendered by these Internationals in 1931.

They are trucks of quality and efficiency—with these one hundred years of manufacturing experience and service behind them. *They have to be* to meet the rigid standards of the S. S. Pierce Co. They must prove their worth on a "cost per stop" basis—and they do it!

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Experience privileges us to make this unqualified statement: whatever tests of performance or economy you may apply to trucks—an International will come through with colors flying. Try one on your own job—and see!

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of financial stress he was serene, courageous, effective, and competent in every measure for the public welfare." Owen D. Young says that when he has been asked whether George F. Baker was the richest man in America, he answered: "Yes; the richest in accumulated wisdom, in comprehensive understanding, in wide sympathy, in integrity both of thought and act, in loyalty to his friends, in devotion to his ideals."

Speaking of Mr. Baker's wealth, we find the newspaper writers guessing at his fortune, estimating it variously between $200,000,000 and $500,000,000. Many assume that his was the third largest fortune in the country, being surpassed only by the Rockefeller and Ford accumulations. One thing everybody is certain of is that his estate was so arranged that the publication of his will can not disturb the values of the securities he owned. As a matter of fact, after his death there was no break in the price of the stock of the First National Bank which he controlled. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, his known holdings in the seven corporations in which he was most heavily interested shrank from $279,033,230 at 1929 peak prices to $109,640,820 at the time of his death on May 2. Incidentally, these seven corporations were First National Bank, Guaranty Trust Company, American Telephone and Telegraph, United States Steel, New York Central, Lackawanna, and Baltimore & Ohio.

Tho Baker was celebrated for his conservatism, *The Wall Street Journal* points out that he was responsible for one banking innovation. That was the formation of the First Security Company affiliated with the First National Bank of which Baker was first President and then Chairman for so many years. As we read:

The First Security Company was an innovation in American banking and was designed to undertake operations not provided under the banking laws. Baker's lead in the formation of an affiliated security company has been followed by numerous banks throughout the country.

MR. BAKER was in his eighties before he broke his rule of silence, and in his first newspaper interview of August 11, 1923, he made this statement which is held characteristic of the man:

Everything is all right. The country is on the road to prosperity, perhaps the greatest prosperity that any country ever attained. But I shouldn't be talking about it.

Business men of America should reduce their talk at least two-thirds. Every one should reduce his talk. I don't talk, because silence is the secret of success.

Mr. Baker was a great giver as well as a great banker. The New York *Evening Post* understands that he may have given away as much as $50,000,000 during his lifetime. His publicly announced donations between 1912 and 1930 totaled $16,240,000. His largest single gift was that of $5,000,000 to found the Harvard University Business School.

Too Much Cotton and Tobacco

DESPITE warnings, cotton and tobacco planters persist in raising crops that exceed the demand.

They are preparing to do the same thing this summer, according to Chairman James C. Stone, of the Federal Farm Board.

In a recent radio talk, excerpts from which are printed in *The Manufacturers' Record* (Baltimore), Mr. Stone predicts that unless a drastic cut is made in the proposed acreage to be planted to these two products, prices will be ruinously low. He says:

Burdensome surpluses in cotton and tobacco are keeping prices at disastrously low levels. They must be cut down sharply before producers can hope for a healthy market. Correction of this situation rests largely in the hands of the growers at planting time.

Perhaps no other agricultural product of the United States feels the effect of a decline in business activity as much as cotton. It is a commodity that has many industrial uses in addition to its use as clothing and for household purposes. As has always happened in periods of business depression, the demand for cotton has been greatly reduced, and prices of cotton have declined sharply.

Before planting time, a year ago, this piling up of stocks of raw cotton was apparent. The Farm Board at that time laid the facts before the cotton farmers, and suggested that they reduce their acreage. Unfortunately, very little attention was given to the warning.

In the past two crop years, with consumption averaging nearly 2,000,000 bales less than production, the surplus of American cotton has been increased nearly 4,000,000 bales. This means that stocks of cotton in the United States have piled up until they now are greater than ever before at this season.

Taking all the facts into consideration, cotton acreage this year should be reduced at least 25 per cent. Preliminary reports on farmers' intentions to plant indicate a much less reduction. This is unfortunate, but there is still time to make adjustments.

There is one thing that every cotton farmer can do to improve his own financial position. That is to plant food and feed crops in sufficient quantities to take care of his own requirements. With food for the family and feed for the live stock, the producer is in much better position to cope with unfavorable prices for his cash crop.

Similarly to the cotton planters, producers of most types of tobacco are facing a serious situation that may bring financial ruin to many before the present season is over.

The report of intentions to plant, recently made public by the Department of Agriculture indicates that the acreage of Burley tobacco will be increased about 19 per cent. This will mean a crop of not less than 430,000,000 pounds, when the annual consumption of Burley tobacco is something less than 300,000,000 pounds. This is likely to mean ruinously low prices.

Growers have in their own power to change this unfavorable outlook. This can be done by reducing acreage 19 per cent. instead of increasing it by that amount.

In the bright flue-cured tobacco sections of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, there is also too much

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tobacco. The report of intentions to plant shows a possible reduction of around 10 per cent.; but this is not enough.

REDUCTION of cotton and tobacco acreage, Mr. Stone repeats, is the first essential to an improvement in conditions. The farmer's greatest needs in the South, as well as in the rest of the country, he believes to be improved marketing and adjustment of production to consumer demand. Organized effort seems to offer the best hope of getting these results. But he warns:

Cooperative marketing associations will not run themselves. Growers must not only help set them up, but they must assume their full share of responsibility in management and support through delivery of their products. In the matter of adjustments in production, it will avail nothing for the Federal Farm Board to furnish information on supply and demand conditions unless farmers make use of this information at planting time.

Our Three Foreign-Trade Errors

IF we have made any gross economic errors in regard to foreign trade, well, James D. Mooney, Vice-President of General Motors in charge of overseas business, has certainly spied them. So thinks *The Nautical Gazette*, reflecting on a recent speech of Mr. Mooney's before the New York Board of Trade.

Future historians will convict the America of our day of three egregious errors in foreign trade, in Mr. Mooney's opinion. First—

We omitted to pay the slightest attention to the economists and the international bankers of wisdom, who pointed out to us over and over again during the period of 1919 to 1929 that we could not continue indefinitely to export large quantities of wheat, cotton, manufactured goods, including automobiles, unless we made it possible for our customers to pay us for the goods.

ERROR number two is "when we made a law of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill, and slammed the door on many of our excellent customers, who wanted to ship us goods in exchange for the goods we had sold them."

Error number three is "now impending," according to Mr. Mooney, and it arises "from the lack of awareness in this country of the plans to exclude American goods from Europe."

This frank talk from Mr. Mooney is welcomed by the editor of *The Nautical Gazette*, who comments:

We often think the continuance of the gross inconsistencies in our present economic policy is due to inexperience and the blind hope that just because we have been successful in foreign trade in the past decade or so we can carry on through thick and thin with the same instruments without regard for fundamental changes. A few more happenings may bring conviction that a decided readjustment is necessary so that the world and ourselves may resume a natural exchange of goods.

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Atchison, Top. & Santa Fe
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
New York Central
Pennsylvania Railroad
Southern Pacific
Union Pacific

Oils
Standard Oil of California
Standard Oil (Indiana)
Standard Oil (New Jersey)
Standard Oil of New York
Texas Corporation

Utilities and Quasi-Utilities
American Tel. & Tel.
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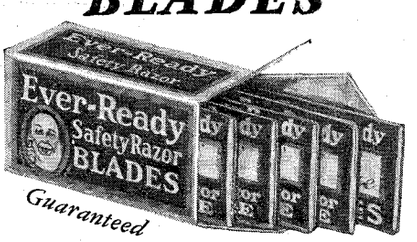

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Shining Mark.—"What's the cause of Janet's unpopularity?"

"She won a popularity contest."—*Life.*

The Timid Soul.—"Why are you writing to the Director of the Census?"

"We've got a new baby."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Why Worry?—MINISTER—"Do you say your prayers every night, Oswald?"

"No—some nights I don't want anything."—*Christian Register.*

Short Commons.—OLD LADY (at the zoo)—"Is that a man-eating lion?"

FED-UP KEEPER—"Yes, lady, but we're short of men this week, so all he gets is beef."—*Tit-Bits.*

Ki-Yi-Yi!—PERCY—"How would you—aw—like to own—aw—a little puppy, Miss Dovely?"

MISS D.—"This is so sudden, Mr. Chappingham."—*Troy Times.*

That Awful East Wind.—Ad in Ohio paper—"New hosiery for Easter and a new pair of shoes—that's all you'll need."

It may be all you need in Ohio, but not in Massachusetts.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hung His Own Crape.—"Did you say the professor was absent-minded?"

"Absent-minded! Why he read an erroneous account of his death in a newspaper and sent himself a wreath!"—*Passing Show (London).*

Send Lilies of the Valley.—

The right of way
Was his—he knew it—
But a fast car
Just beat him to it!

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Piling up a Surplus.—"My husband and I attend to our budget every evening. It is more economical."

"How so, dear?"

"By the time we get it balanced, it is too late to go anywhere."—*Boston Transcript.*

Give Him a Ticket.—"Don't you know your way around this town?" asked the sardonic traffic cop.

"No," answered Mr. Chuggins. "If I knew any way around it, you don't suppose I'd have gotten mixed up in it, do you?"—*Washington Star.*

Out of Luck.—Little Frank, who had removed with his family to a new house, was taken to visit the new tenants of the old house, with whom his mother was on friendly terms.

The chief object of interest was a recently arrived baby.

Frank was much taken with the infant, and on his way home remarked:

"Mother, it's a pity we moved from that house. If we'd stayed a bit longer we should have got that baby."—*Tit-Bits.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Line Forms This Side.—Overstuffed refrigerator, cheap.—*Arizona Republican.*

Have a Heart, Billy.—Wanted—Young billy goat; must be reasonable.—*Vallejo (Calif.) Times Herald.*

Pass the Ketchup.—

PRESIDENT AND WIFE EAT
GIRL SCOUTS

—*Albuquerque (N. Mex.) State-Tribune.*

Biography as She Is Wrote.—Oliver Wendell Holmes had three children, all of whom lived to maternity.—*High School student's test paper, forwarded by a Slips fan from Waco, Texas.*

Once They Were Sugar and Spice.—The girls consisted of cigarets, magazines, homemade candies, phonograph records, tobacco, chewing-gum, and candy bars.—*Rhinelander (Wis.) paper.*

Sawed Off?—The princess is a daughter of the illustrious House of Tokugawa, which for two and one-half centuries supplied the shotguns that actually ruled the empire.—*Lafayette (La.) paper.*

Roughly Speaking.—Akron *Beacon Journal* reports a sign on a store in that city which reads:

"Entire Stock on Sale for Approximately What It Will Bring."—*Macon Telegraph.*

Opportunity Is Right.—

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES
CERMAK TAKES OATH,
HE THEN OUSTS 2,200

—*New York Times.*

Call the Doctor.—Q. Which States produce the most peanuts?

A. North Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, Alabama, and Texas. North Carolina has the largest yield per acre.—*New Britain Herald.*

Case for Soothing-Syrup.—A city-wide slaughter of all stray dogs was begun Tuesday when reports were received that a dog that had bitten four boys was found to have been suffering from babies.—*Temple (Tex.) paper.*

You Bet He Couldn't.—He looked across at her, sitting on a cushion before the fire, her chin resting on her knees, her eyes clasped about them. Something elusive, ethereal to her, he felt . . . and he knew he could not do it.—*Baltimore Sunday American.*

Every Dog Has His Day.—Starr is accompanied by his wife. They have with them their prize-winning dog, Feng Shui, which travels on a pass on numerous bus lines and has a permit from Mexico to carry a gun in the neighboring country.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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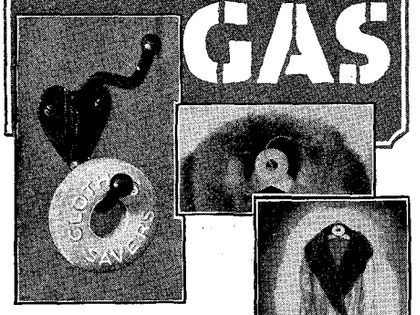

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

adviser.—"J. E. D.," Summit, N. J.—*Adviser* is always spelled with *-er* instead of *-or*. Both noun and verb *advise* come to us from the French *adviser*, but the word *advisory*, with the *-or*, has been traced directly from the Late Latin *advisorius*, which is also the source of the French *adviser*. The termination *-er* of *adviser* comes from the Old Teutonic *-arjo-z*. Originally the *-arjo-z*, like the Latin *-arius*, was added to nouns to form derivative nouns meaning "the man who has to do with . . ." Particularly, it was used to designate persons according to their occupation, and by analogy added to various stems to form agent-nouns. The suffix was corrupted in Middle English to *-ere, -er, -are, -ar*, occasionally *-ier*, and after nouns ending in *w*, to *-yer*. The other common termination for agent-nouns, *-or*, Middle English, *-our*, comes from the Latin. In Latin, agent-nouns were made from intransitive verbs ending in *-ere* by adding the suffix *-or* to the stem. Most of our words ending in *-or* have been taken directly from the Latin; as, *actor*.

however, notwithstanding, but.—"M. C. B.," Chicago, Ill.—The word *however*, being a conjunction, may begin a sentence, for conjunctions may join sentences, as well as clauses, phrases, and words. The conjunction *but* should be used if the relation is sharply adversitive. "He is tall, *but* not as tall as he will be." *Notwithstanding* is used when the first thought is not an impediment to the second one. "He had been given his orders. *Notwithstanding*, he did not obey." *However* is used when the relation is one of simple transition or of concession. It means, "In whatever manner or degree what precedes is valid, what follows nevertheless stands firm": "The year was one of business depression. *However*, I am glad to report that our enterprise gained."

incomunicado, incommunicado.—"F. E. D.," Chicago, Ill.—*Incomunicado* is a Spanish word which is especially applied to prisoners kept in solitary confinement. It is pronounced with the *a* as in *art*, and the accent on that syllable. The spelling with the double *m* is incorrect, and is probably due to the confusion with the Latin word from which it is derived, *incommunicatus*. *Incomunicado* came into common use in this country during the Spanish-American war.

Iowa.—"J. W. C.," Sioux City, Ia.—The *Iowas* were a branch of the main group of a southwestern Sioux tribe, which received the name of *Pahoja* or *Gray Snow*, a name that they retained, but they were known to the white people by the name of *Ioways* or *Aiaouez*. This name was spelled phonetically in both cases—one for the guidance of the English-speaking people, and the other for the guidance of the French-speaking people.

In 1689, the spelling *Aiaouez* was that used in American literature, and is to be found in Perrot's "Memoirs," page 196. The form varied at that time, and the plural was given as *Aiaouais* and *Aiaouez*. In 1702 Iberville used *Ayoouês* (the acute accent gives to the word the sound of "e" in *they*). By 1731 *Ayoouais* was used by Beauharnois and Hocquart, but varied in 1761 to *Aiauway*, a form to be found in the "Journal" of Lewis and Clark. In the following century (1804) *Aieways* was used, and *Aiowais* was used by Pike in his "Travels" (1811), but in 1810 we had *Ioway* as a variant. In 1824 *I was* and *Iaways* were used, and in 1825 *Ihoway*, which latter form is to be found in the Senate Document #21 of the 18th Congress, Second Session. The forms current in 1848 were *Ayauais* for the plural, and minus the "s" for the singular, and *Ioway*. By 1858, the name took the form *Ayeouai* in the singular, with an "s" in the plural, and in 1905 *Iaways*.

What more could any lexicographer ask than such an admission as was made by Prof. Frank L. Mott, Director of the School of Journalism of the University of Iowa, when he wrote. "The lexicographer is trying merely to record usages as he has carefully observed them so that, whether he follow his preferred group or his dictionary, he is imitating the popular example —*yielding to social coercion*. This may seem to some a very weak and essentially wrong procedure. It may seem better to determine the essentially right pronunciation from etymology and the history of the word, and then stick to it in spite of ridicule—say *Ioway*, for instance."

Just because a few Englishmen have come to the United States within the past ten years with a preconceived idea of how to pronounce the name of the State of Massachusetts, none of us is going to admit their right to enforce *Ma-sach'-yu-setts* as a standard for future guidance. Another flagrant example of mispronunciation was the English pronunciation of the Canadian "Assiniboia," which has been so tortured as to suggest that the person using the term had a notion that at some period or another an ass was caught in a boyau somewhere in the province of Saskatchewan—*ass'in-a-ooy"au*.

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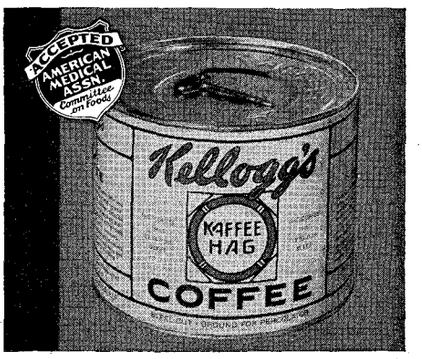

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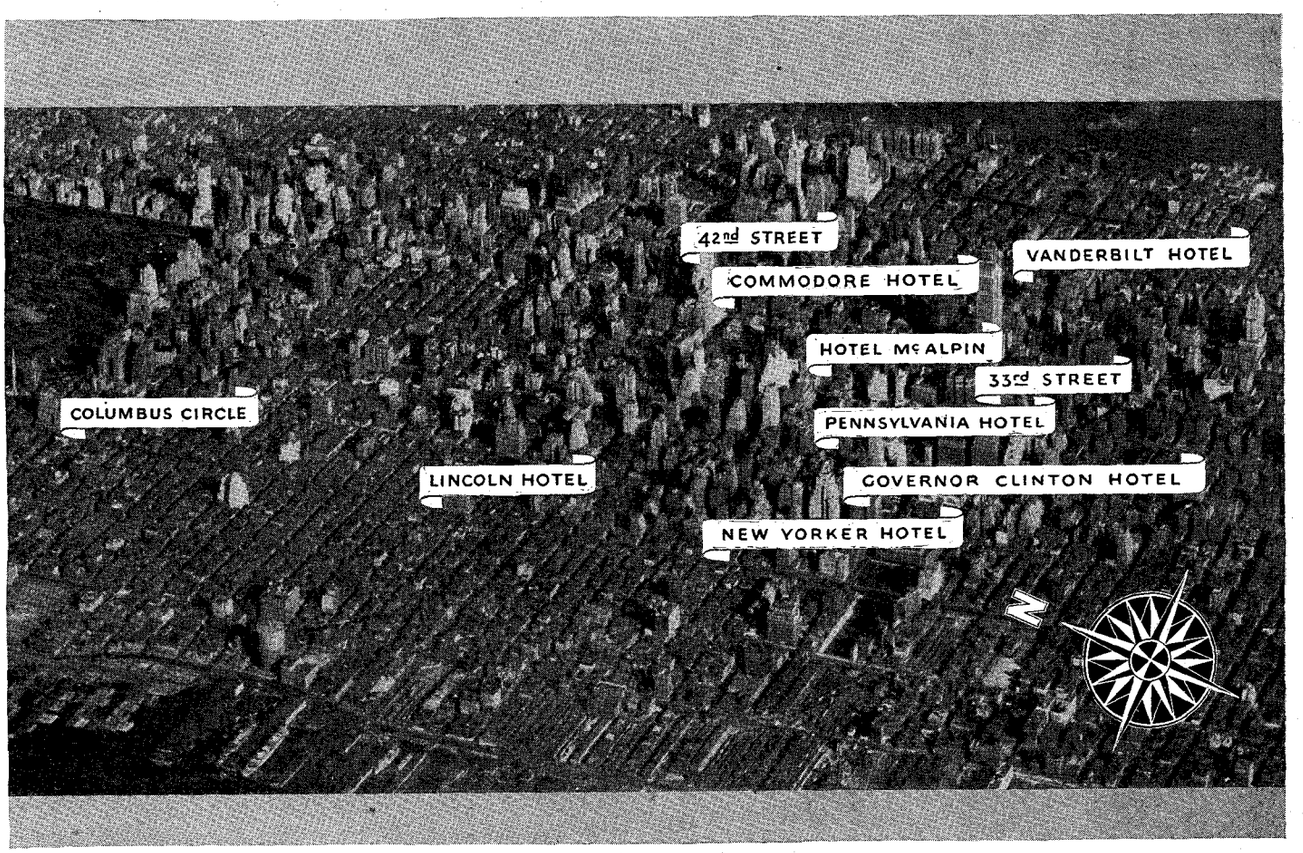

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